

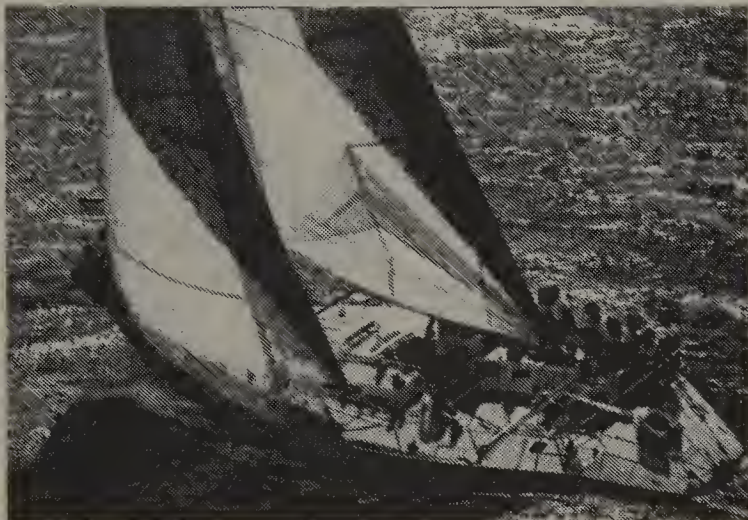
Latitude 34

VOLUME 02, JUNE 1987

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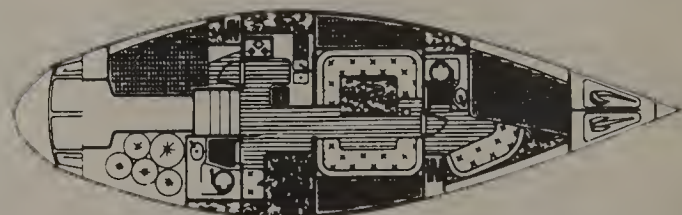
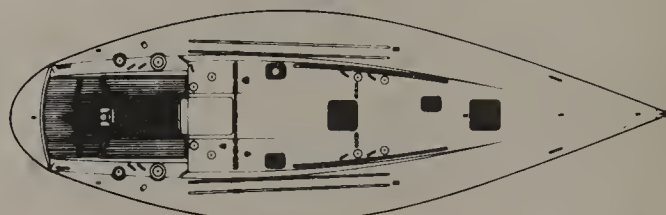
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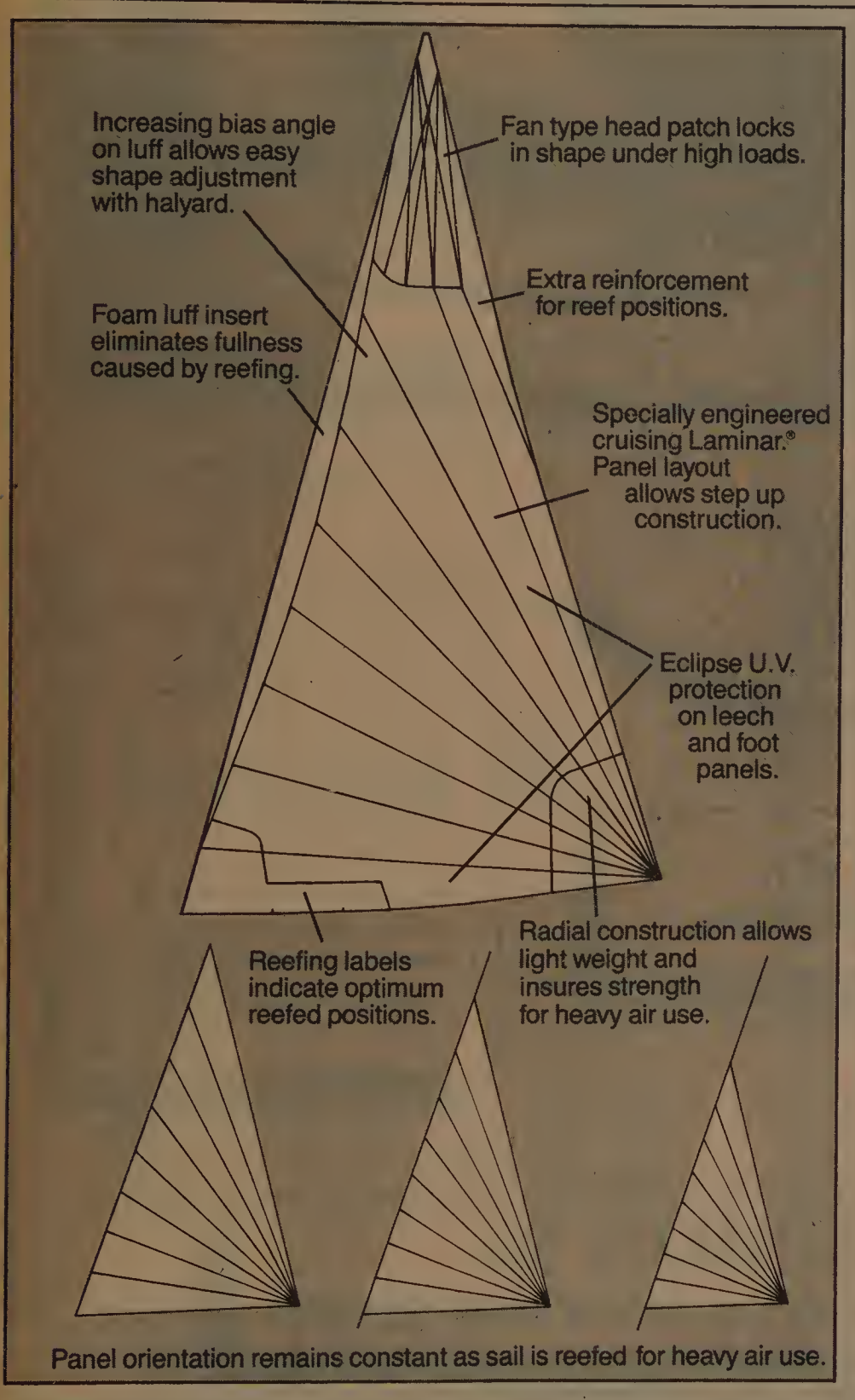
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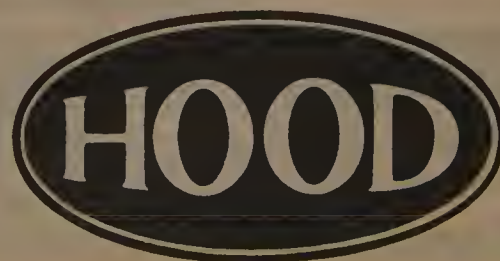
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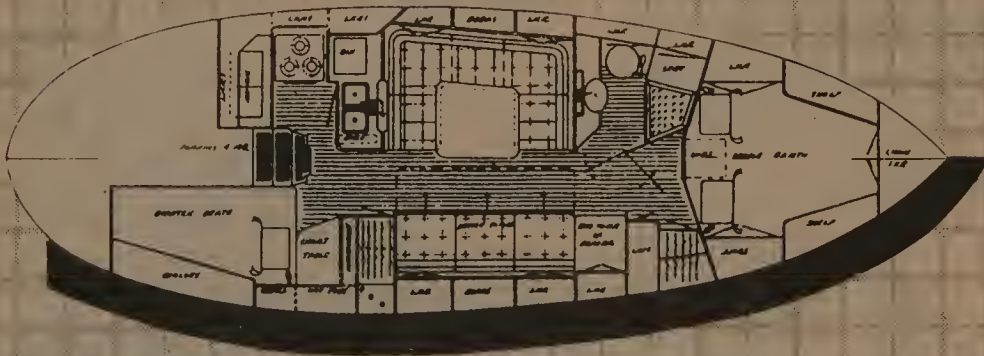
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Latitude 34

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 Splash into summer
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LETTERS

□ WHATTA GUY!

I have never before written a "testimonial" or endorsement, but my recent acquisition of the Columbia 34 MkII, *Harmony*, bears mentioning.

The boat was purchased through an independent broker named Bill Forsythe, who does business in Newport Beach as the Yacht Connection. He showed us the boat at our convenience on a weekend, and immediately communicated our offer to the seller. A deal was consummated within 24 hours. The boat was taken to Balboa Boat Yard the following day, hauled, and surveyed by Ron Tyson. The yard was contracted to do the bottom paint, gelcoat some dock rash, and repaint the sheer and boot stripes with Sterling LPU. They did a tremendous job at a very reasonable price. More importantly, the work was unhurried and professionally done.

Bill Forsythe also arranged for insurance through Mariner's General Insurance Group. The boat was bound immediately upon receipt of Tyson's survey, and I was billed for the premium.

In addition to inspecting the boat on a daily basis while at the yard, handling the DMV paperwork, arranging for and seeing through the new canvas topsides, and finding me a really great sailboat, Bill let me shop on his discount tab at the local marine store. WHATTA GUY!

I commend Bill Forsythe to anyone considering a sailboat acquisition in Southern California. He's a great guy, a serious sailor, and an impeccably honest yacht broker.

Alan Spears and Theresa Adams
Owners of *Harmony*
Southern California

☐ CHANNEL HAZARDS

Enclosed is a letter that was sent to the editors of the Santa Barbara and Ventura newspapers on November 8. At this writing neither paper has printed it. It leads me to wonder if they receive so many letters on the subject that they don't want to bore their readers with one more complaint about the oil companies.

I arrived in your city via a small sailing yacht, which is much different than arriving by automobile. Things haven't changed much on land — same beautiful city, same Hwy. 101, same stoplights — all as I left it 15 years ago. However, arriving by sea is a very different story.

You now have unlit buoys, about as big as two Volkswagens glued together, dotting your coastline. Just think what these unlit navigational hazards mean to a small yacht owner or fisherman. These unlit buoys are placed there by oil companies for their convenience. Worse than the buoys, however, was what we encountered about eight miles from Santa Barbara. A huge, *unlit* steel barge moored between oil rigs! If we had run into any one of these *unlit, uncharted* steel buoys, let alone the 100-ft oil barge (also unlit and uncharted), we would have sunk.

I wonder how many boats have, in a dark or foggy night, run into these obstacles. Upon arriving in San Diego, I read an article in the San Diego paper, dated October 31, 1986:

“One man died and two others were injured when their 24-ft boat hit an unlit buoy on October 19th as they were returning from Santa Cruz island at 7:30 p.m. Sr. Deputy Scott Miller conducted the investigation into the crash. Miller declined to say why he thought the accident happened but said he would not be suggesting any changes be made and didn’t think any changes would be made to the buoy . . . The unlit, steel buoy belongs to Union Oil which uses it for off-loading its tankers. Miller said, ‘It was dark when the crash occurred but there was no fog, the buoys are there (unlit) all the time and do not move.’ ”

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LETTERS

I have crossed a few oceans in my time, and can remember Santa Barbara and Ventura since the 30's. In *all* my wanderings, I have never come across a more flagrant, total disregard for human life and private property as the oil companies have shown on our Pacific coast. I will be leaving this area, but could not let this dangerous situation pass without comment. What tragedy must befall one of your families before the oil companies are required to at least *light* these hazards?

We are presently enjoying Puerto Vallarta and will soon be moving down the coast toward our West Indies destination.

Jack Thomson
Yacht Spirit
Bequia, St. Vincent, West Indies

□POWER PLAY

After spending much of the last few years helping other people equip their boats for cruising, I think that it is finally going to be our turn. Making the right equipment choices is always difficult, but it is even more so when it is your own cruise you are talking about. Hence this letter.

We have lived aboard for the last ten years while completing our kit Westsail 32. The equipment that we have put on so far has been chosen by trial and error, research, dumb luck, and by talking to as many people as we can who have actually used the stuff. Sometimes we have actually been right. Thank God for marine swap meets.

The whole purpose of this particular exercise is to solicit opinions about power generation. We are definitely not purists. Over the past years we have accumulated a stereo with tape, refrigeration (small, but it sure beats schlepping ice down the dock every two weeks), 12 volt VCR, TV, and the typewriter (printer?) this letter is done on.

People we have talked to seem to agree on the idea of a large alternator with a voltage regulator bypass, coupled to a great amount of caution to avoid nuking your batteries. Most even seem to agree on the carrying of a compact generator for backup or, as with some we have talked to, the primary recharging system. But, we have yet to hear a clear consensus on the subjects of wind or solar generation.

I really thought that wind generation was going to be the answer. Last week some good friends of ours dropped by. They have been in Mexico for the last five and a half years aboard their Islander 36, *Prelude*. They said that they sold their wind generator because they would rather listen to their Honda 1000 for two hours a day than the wind generator all day. Also, it didn't put out enough amps, and it had a tendency to self-destruct if you didn't get to it immediately when a chubasco hit.

They haven't been the first to voice this opinion, just the first that I knew well. I have also talked to people that love their wind sets. So?

Solar panels don't seem to have a high enough output for the expense and the square footage. The people that I hear praising them the most are those with little electrical demand. There are some very intriguing rumors circulating, some even supported by newspaper articles, about breakthrough panels being developed by a major builder of same. They are supposed to hit the market late spring or summer, but so far they are just rumor. Also, how many amp battery storage is practical? I know that if you have too much, you won't be able to fully charge them without a Gonzo generator.

We would be interested in hearing some feedback on this. Especially from people with cruising experience, and not just from marina know-it-alls like myself.

On the subject of avoiding property tax payments while cruising: Here in Orange County the drill seems to be to take a letter to the Assessor's office stating that you are going to be out of the country for "x" years. Make sure it gets on file. After that, no sweat. The

LETTERS

Assessor's office here seems to be staffed with human beings you can talk to, and who are willing to work with you. Just go in smiling, not belligerent.

I was also going to complain about the lack of gratuitous sex in your past issues, but you seem to have rectified that problem in the April issue.

Dennis and Karen Klempel
Windelied
Dana Point

Dennis and Karen — The word is out, so here's to hoping that you get some feedback.

While you're waiting, we'll throw in a few comments. We had our Freya 39 down in Mexico for four winters or so, and had no trouble getting along with just two moderately large batteries. But we had few gizmos and were careful with electrical use. We also carried a portable generator, but after not using it in two years decided to sell it.

Do wind generators work? Every day at Sea of Cortez Race Week we could see 30 or 40 boats using them. Lon Woodrum of the Tiburon YC was there visiting a Freeport 36 equipped with one, and he kept mumbling how he and his wife never had "amps to waste" like that back when they were cruising their Kendall 32.

By the same token, each day we could hear the moderately soft roar of scores of portable generators during their duty. So obviously they have a crowd of followers, too.

Last year we had a single solar panel on our Olson 30, and since our needs were so simple, we also had amps to burn. But as you suggest, we just don't think they're practical for larger or more complex boats.

One item you didn't mention was an inverter, to change 12V power to 110V. We've heard terrific reviews of these things; one from Nick Coates who has been out cruising several years with his wife on the Peterson 44, *Expectation*, and from Dick and B.J. Deaver on their Farr 57, *Outa Here*.

We'll wait to see what feedback comes in, but we think there are a number of perfectly satisfactory solutions, and that simple personal preference is going to make the final determination.

□LEARNING NOT TO TRUST

As a hopeful future cruiser, I'd like to share your magazine with my patients.

One thing I've personally learned is not to trust the judgement of others in regard to how I should sail my Ericson 41. I went out with a friend once when the wind was gusting to 40 knots. I wanted to reef, but he, the more experienced sailor, said, hell no, that the boat would sail beautifully with a full main and 150 genny.

Well, the lee rail was six inches under water and the boat didn't handle well. I went out a week later in 35 knot gusts with one reef in the main and a 90 percent jib; the boat handled easy and was faster than before.

The point I'm making is that if it's your boat and you have had some experience with it, do what your gut says to do. Besides, it's easier to shake a reef out than put on in.

By the way, the 40-knot day was enough to make white caps on the channels inside Marina del Rey. It's usually quite calm here, but now I look forward to the small craft warning days.

Steve Bein
Beverly Hills

Steve — Your 'friend' must have been a sparmaker on the edge of bankruptcy trying to drum up a little business. Being overpowered like that puts terrible strain on the rig, the sails, the bulkheads, the

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LETTERS

chainplates and will twist the heck out of the hull. It's macho to sail like that, but it's also stupo.

CLINT — WHAT A GUY!

In response to Jim Munich's *Letter* in the May issue, I say don't judge another boatowner unless you've swam a mile in his marina.

My boat lives at Shoreline Village Marina, commonly called the



'The Village', not New York, but Long Beach.

'Toilet Bowl' by others. I, however, call it the 'Goldfish Bowl'.

In the main marina 29 feet 11 inches equals 35 feet. Here it's length overall strictly to the inch! The marina operator suggested I cut one inch out of my roller furling unit after 2.5 years of getting that free inch. Oh well, back to my four bags of hank on sails.

Jim, the reasons we pay by length overall are:

1. Said marina is at the mouth of the Los Angeles River, and we all know that - - - as well as everything else (including plastic bags and tires) flows downhill.

2. We must move our boats once a year to your side for the boat show.

3. There is a carnival atmosphere here which rarely allows for a quiet moment.

4. It's difficult to park during 'tourist hours'.

Of course, those of us at Shoreline Village do enjoy some advantages:

1. We save nearly \$300 a year.

2. It's a great place to be a bachelor as there are bars and restaurants within walking distance.

3. A great view of the Long Beach Grand Prix is available free from a bosun's chair.

4. There's been great success in diverting L.A.'s trash out to sea by using the debris control boom (but we had half the normal rainfall this year and there won't be a real test until we have a good gullywasher).

Suffice it to say, I wish the cities of Long Beach and Los Angeles could clean it up as I've heard that the sailors of old knew they were near shore when they found vegetation in the water. Unfortunately, today we know we're near shore because we see Big Mac containers and styrofoam cups in the water.

I do like my harbor or else I wouldn't be here. Besides, you can get copies of *Latitude* at Shoreline Village Chandlery where they hide them from the tourists or from the charter businesses.

Warren Goodman
Los Angeles

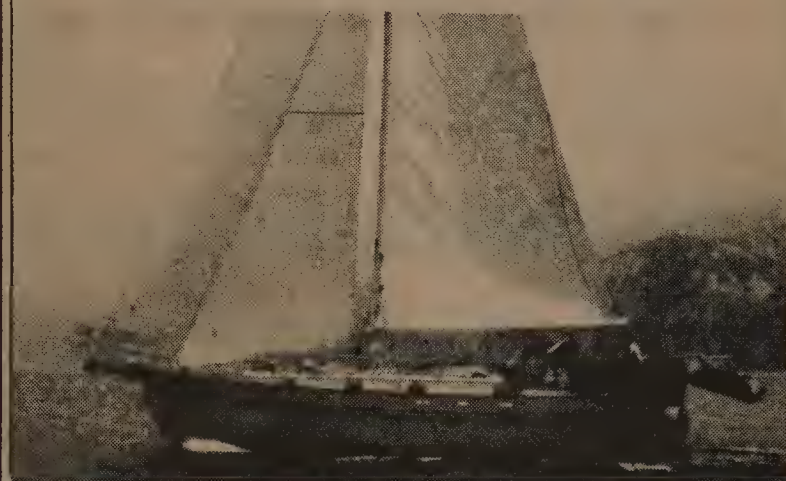
FUN AND INSANITY

I just wanted to thank *Latitude* for your part in making Race Week the seagoing fun and insanity that it was, and for the Baja-Ha-Ha t-shirts given to me and my crew, Hal, after we sailed to Isla Partida on the 14-ft catamaran, *Pez Vela*.

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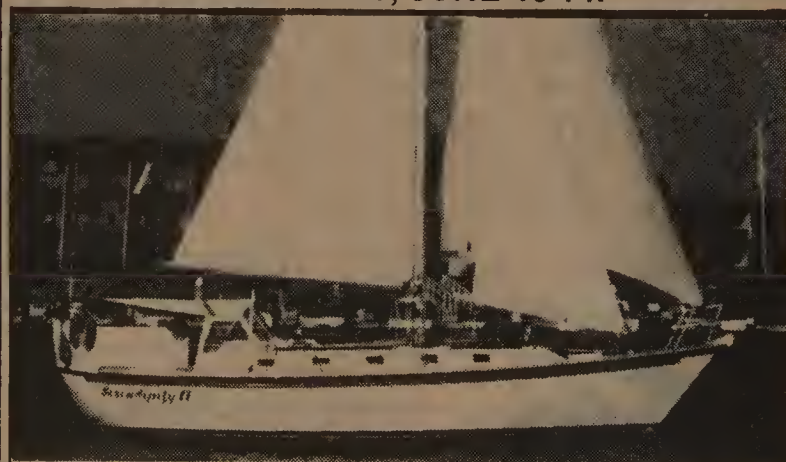
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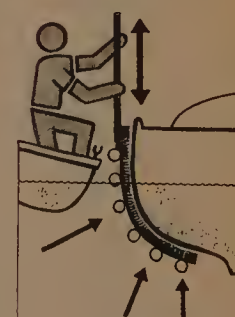
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LETTERS

We had sailed 90 miles south from Puerto Escondido rather than 25 miles north from La Paz. This saved 220 miles of mountain/desert driving and allowed us to see a beautiful section of coast with several islands and many protected and inviting anchorages. Though the prevailing winds are from the north, making for a run going and a beat coming back, they always stayed far enough from the west at night and the east during the day that we could hold our course without having to tack. We had enough gas to motorsail when the winds went light.

Sorry we had to eat and run. We left after the pig feast Friday night as we had taken off just one week from work and had to be back by Monday morning.

Steve Cass
Lakewood

□ BETTER THAN ONE HAND READING

I don't know how well the photograph will turn out, but you can probably see that the guy reading *Penthouse* has fallen asleep while the guy reading *Latitude* is still wide awake.



Latitude — keep awake reading!

Like many other sailors, I was leery of the beat back to California from Cabo. But the experience was wonderful as we had a beautiful sail. If anyone is thinking of making the trip, I highly recommend it.

I also want to thank my parents as well as Michael and Joyce Creasy for their support.

Brian Creasy
Trial Run
Marina del Rey

Brian — Thanks for the nice letter. Just one thing, though, just because this first trip up was beautiful doesn't mean the next one won't be on the nasty side. As the sticker sent to us by the North loft in Seattle says, 'Shit Happens!'.

□ IN DEFENSE OF THE PARDEY'S

At the outset, my husband and I would like to congratulate you on the advent of the new *Latitude 34* magazine. We've enjoyed *Latitude 38* for years and welcome this new edition.

We felt compelled to respond to Andy Kerr's article in the May issue titled *The Siren Son of the Pardeys*. We stress, however, that we are replying to Mr. Kerr's criticisms of the Pardeys on the basis of how we interpret their writings and apologize to them if we have misperceived their words.

LETTERS

Mr. Kerr states that the Pardeys' message is that the "only proper way to cruise is in a small wooden boat without an engine, head, electric lights, or electronic equipment . . . those who depart from that criteria are viewed with condescension if not contempt." Respectfully, we feel that Mr. Kerr has missed the entire point of the Pardeys' cruising philosophy.

We feel that the Pardeys would simply like to portray the cruising lifestyle as available to many "everyday" sailors, and remove it from the perceived realm of the independently wealthy. As we understand their writings, cruising need not be a dream delayed until later in life, but may be enjoyed by sailors of any age who do not necessarily have pension plans and/or thousands of dollars in the bank. There is a strong ideological belief that they propound — that Robert and I agree with — that is akin to campers or nature lovers who have been moved by the urge to remove themselves to the mountains, deserts or similar isolated locales to learn the true meaning of independent survival. Persons acting on this belief do not enter wilderness areas in 30-foot mobile homes replete with stereos, TVs, and Cuisinarts. Again, it's a difference in philosophy.

Mr. Kerr also states that Larry Pardey points out the "eighty percent of the readers of American yachting magazines own boats of under 28 feet, and so identify with the Pardeys. The implication is (sic) that these readers should not hesitate to go cruising in those or comparable boats."

The Pardeys are advocates of common sense, not foolish, impulsive behavior. They are not saying that any small, weekend sailing boat is appropriate for a circumnavigation. And while some potential cruisers may, as Mr. Kerr believes, find conditions on a boat under thirty feet to be "too cramped and uncomfortable for permanent living aboard", those may be the same persons apt to call a week in a fully outfitted mobile home "camping" — those not able (or willing) to forego the luxuries of modern living in favor of the satisfaction of experiencing true survival and communion with nature on its own terms.

On to the issue of wooden boats. Mr. Kerr says that he would rather have a wooden boat were it not for three problems: worms, leaks and rot. Worms can be prevented by coating the bottom with creosote. Dryrot and leaks and both be alleviated by a properly designed and ventilated boat. Granted, not all older wooden boats were built this painstakingly and the potential boat owner may indeed have to invest considerable time and energy shopping for the proper wooden cruiser. But since this boat presumably would be one's home, one would hope that this requisite effort would be expended. Wooden boats have been around for hundreds of years and are still afloat. Just as fiberglass boats have their "pox", so do boats made of other materials. They can all be dealt with effectively with foresight and planning.

Now, for engines. As we understand the Pardeys' writings, engines are not so much disdained for their presence and use on sailboats as for their resulting expense. They can leave one tied to a harbor awaiting repairs, hardly a self-sufficient route to go. Mr. Kerr does agree that all cruising sailors should be prepared to handle their boats as if they had no engine. However, the reality of the situation often is that many sailboat owners with engines use them and not their sails to enter and exit slips and marinas, and to anchor and moor. Again, the prepared cruiser must actually sail in those and other situations the majority of the time to be ready for that occasion when the engine does fail. And it will. More important, however, may be the intrinsic satisfaction and validation one receives when relying on their own sailing abilities and not an engine. Now *that's* true freedom!

Mr. Kerr states also that "not everyone has the temperament to



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LETTERS

bob about in the doldrums for days or even weeks when they realize that with an engine they could power on through and get on with their cruise". Gee, and all this time we've been thinking that the trip was in the travelling!

Regarding modern devices such as SatNav, furling headsails, and self-tailing winches: Mr. Kerr says that a fair reading of the Pardeys' writings compels the conclusion that their message (to forego such items) is not primarily economical. Respectfully, sir, perhaps a re-reading of their writing would be in order. Pardeys advocate simplicity for both economic and philosophic reasons. Not only would the acquisition of these items result in delay in entering the cruising lifestyle (if not the elimination of it entirely due to costly upkeep), they preclude the paramount element of self-sufficiency and reliance on oneself that is crucial to survival.

As for the benefits of a "proper" marine head vs. a bucket emptied over the side: the fewer the number of below-water thru-hulls, the better. We just had our "proper" marine head removed, thru-hulls glassed over, and Robert built an attractive contraption that not only tastefully holds a bucket (which we scrupulously keep clean) but which has added much more storage space. We couldn't be happier — that "proper" marine head was a pain!

Regarding electric lights: I, too, greatly enjoy reading in our bunk at night. I guess I just prefer the soft but more than adequate glow of the oil lamp over the bright, antiseptic glare of electric lights. This is not to mention the other, more romantic purpose our bunk is used for. Call me crazy, but I don't like 'doing it' under a spotlight.

Modern technology is a touchy area. People abound who will argue that progress is an inherently beneficial thing. We have a difficult time subscribing to the school of thought. Progress as we see it today is evidenced by pollution, psychic trauma, and mass ecological and environmental damage — all in the name of "quality of life". This, we believe, is just another label for avoiding responsibility for oneself and one's actions. The cruising lifestyle should not be relegated to the wealthy in floating hotel suites who are not able or inclined to put forth the effort to survive on the seas. Cruising can be for anyone who has a strong adventurous spirit, common sense, and a willingness to rely on one's own self rather than on extrinsic and unnecessary devices. If people have the money to cruise in Farr 55's with a washer, dryer and microwave oven, then the more power to them. May their sailing days be long and their electricity never fail. But for Mr. Kerr to criticize those of us who eschew such and other "modern" devices in favor of a self-reliant form of lifestyle, and to call cruising under simple methods and means "a blueprint for disaster" is unfair. The Pardeys do not encourage would-be cruisers to uncritically accept their ideas — on the contrary, they strongly push people to gain as comprehensive experience and knowledge possible and draw their own conclusions as to what works best. They simply stress that cruising can be and is available to not only the monied rich, but also to those rich in determination, self-reliance, and the belief in a simple and harmonious existence with our earth.

Robert and Virginia Sudbury
Scout
Pacific Seacraft 25
Marina del Rey

Virginia and Robert — We have the highest respect for the Pardeys spreading the word that you don't have to have a lot of money, a lot of complex gear or a big and expensive boat to go cruising. And they are absolutely correct.

Our only knock against them is that perhaps they did too good a job of selling this philosophy to folks who've found they couldn't live with it.

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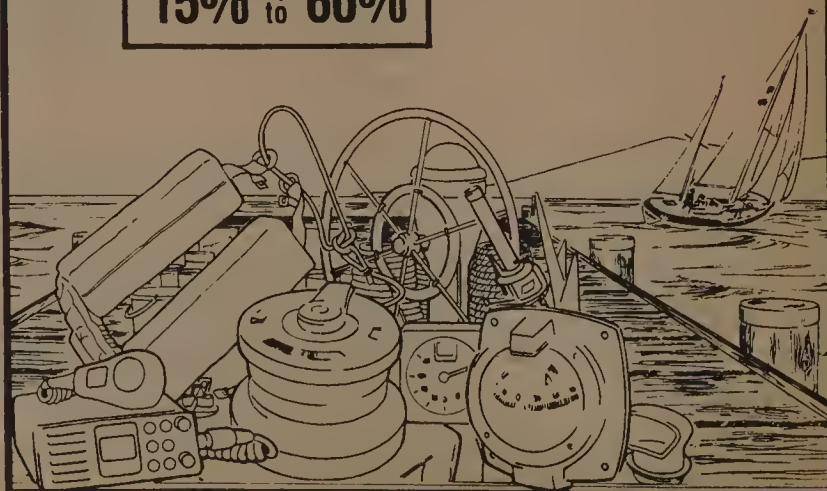
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LETTERS

For eleven years the Pardeys' home was a 24-ft boat. And to be sure there are other folks in the world who suffer no discomfort by calling such a small boat home. But such people are in the small minority. Yet many others who couldn't hack such a lifestyle bought the philosophy — and the corresponding small boat. And cruised to regret it.

While in New Zealand two seasons ago, we ran into two separate couples whose inspiration to cruise on small boats had been the Pardeys. While both couples had become personal friends of the Pardeys, they were still a little burned up that they hadn't been cautioned more about the hardships of such a spartan style of cruising.

If we remember correctly, it was Socrates who admonished us all to know ourselves. It was sage advice for living 2,100 years ago, and it's sage advice for deciding which cruising boat suits us.

□ NO ESCAPE

Reference the letter of the McCandless' in the May issue. The waiver of liability/responsibility in the proposed contract should be viewed as against public policy under general maritime law and in conflict with the statutory provision of the Jones Act that rules out an assumption of risk.

A seaman, such as their crewmember is by that contract, traditionally receives careful protection in maritime law against operators who attempt to circumvent his legal rights. The courts may not be perfect, but they should not be fooled by any of the sharp maneuvers discussed in the letter and your comment.

As to the question of whether an owner could be sued for negligence when there was excellent maintenance, the answer is yes. The owner could be sued for unseaworthiness if a defect of the vessel caused an injury, even though the owner was not negligent. That suit would be under general maritime law. Suits under the Jones Act require actual negligence, but that could be slight indeed, such as a statute violation.

Both general maritime law and the Jones Act can apply to any vessel, any seaman, any sea. Even though the yacht, the victim or the owners are not American, a U.S. Court does not have to refuse its forum. The court would weigh many factors. Tactics on the part of owners to evade a United States court have led to unfavorable rulings in admiralty law.

Apart from the risk of trying to outsmart the law, I suggest that it also does not make for good relations with the crew. The time spent on such maneuvers is better spent making sure that everything on the yacht is in good shape and that no one is negligent. If someone does not want to accept responsibility for the life and well-being of a crewmember, he should not take one on.

Louk Wijsen
Mechaieh
Emery Cove

Louk — We don't want — and are sure the McCandless' don't want — to fool the courts. No, what we're looking for is the simple recognition that there's a world of difference between a professional seaman such as yourself working for a huge corporation in the pursuit of profits as opposed to two private individuals seeking a wilderness adventure and who are willing to share it with an eager third party.

As far as we're concerned it's just another condemning indictment of a legal system that it's incapable of making such an obvious distinction. It means that all of us are bound by contracts we never agreed to, contracts we can't even extricate ourselves from. It's a vicious and perverted sort of slavery to a principle we bet most of us don't even believe in, a genuflection to mediocrity that would seem to hold

LETTERS

'couch potatoes' as the ideal citizens. It's a tragedy.

We agree, Louk, that efforts ought to be made to insure that everything on a boat is in good shape. But you know as well as we that the boat hasn't been made on which somebody can't be injured. So on what authority does the judicial system declare that we and others can't agree to jointly assume certain risks each has calculated to be worth taking? It's a freedom — because it doesn't impose on anybody else — that each and every one of us deserves.

Just because a majority of the population really wants freedom from choice doesn't mean a minority ought to be prohibited from freedom of choice. But that's exactly what the law has indentured us to.

□ BIG DIVORCE MEANS LITTLE BOAT

As an avid *Latitude* 38 reader I was overjoyed to see the new *Latitude* 34 at Downwind Marine in San Diego. Very best wishes for all the successes that I'm sure will be yours.

I enjoyed the pieces on our system of jurisprudence. In a word, it sucks. Going through a (needlessly) protracted divorce a few years back, I had a front row seat on the clubhouse (oops!) courthouse fandango.

After four attorneys and three judges (who are all ex-attorneys) and numerous court appearances, I'm totally convinced that this profession is without scruples or moral conscience. Economic gain is the only standard this bunch knows. It took me over a year to figure out how the judges got their share of the pie, but that's another story. And besides, I'm getting a knot in my stomach again.

Anyhow, I will never be able to cruise to all the fabled isles of paradise. Therefore, *Gunkholing Around Mulege* by Shirley and Bill Glasby put a gleam in my eye. It sounds like their 24-footer with retractable keel would be the ideal boat for me. Is there any way I can find out what make of boat it is?

Any info on trailer sailing, particularly in Baja and the San Juans, would be greatly appreciated.

Gerry Dawson
San Diego

Gerry — We don't know the type of boat the Glasby's have; perhaps they'll drop us a line with that information. Actually, there are plenty of small boats that fit the bill, some of them very attractively priced.

We'd also suggest that a trailerable boat for Baja need not have a retractable keel. You can launch fixed keel boats with up to 5.5 feet draft at San Carlos, Puerto Escondido and La Paz.

Some of the small boats we've known to have had great times cruising Baja: Santana 22's, Cal 20's, Islander 21's, Gladiator 24's, Columbia 24's, Cal 24's, Santana 24's, J/24's, Olson 25's, Columbia 26's, Santana 27's, Ericson 27's, Catalina 27's, Freedom 25's, Santa Cruz 27's, Olson 30's, Cal 28's — the list goes on and on. We've sailed all up and down the Sea of Cortez and we wouldn't have any qualms about spending the season there in one of these boats.

□ AN ENGLISHMAN DISCOVERS THE CURE FOR 'THE LOBSTER TREATMENT'

Looking at the sun-drenched picture on page 29 of *Latitude* 34 reminded me of my first visit to California.

I immigrated here on February 21, 1978 from England where it was 32 degrees the day I left. When I arrived in New York the temperature wasn't much of an improvement. There I did the normal tourist bit, taking a trip to the Empire State Building and stopping to look at the pigeons. (The look at the pigeons wasn't necessary; Lord

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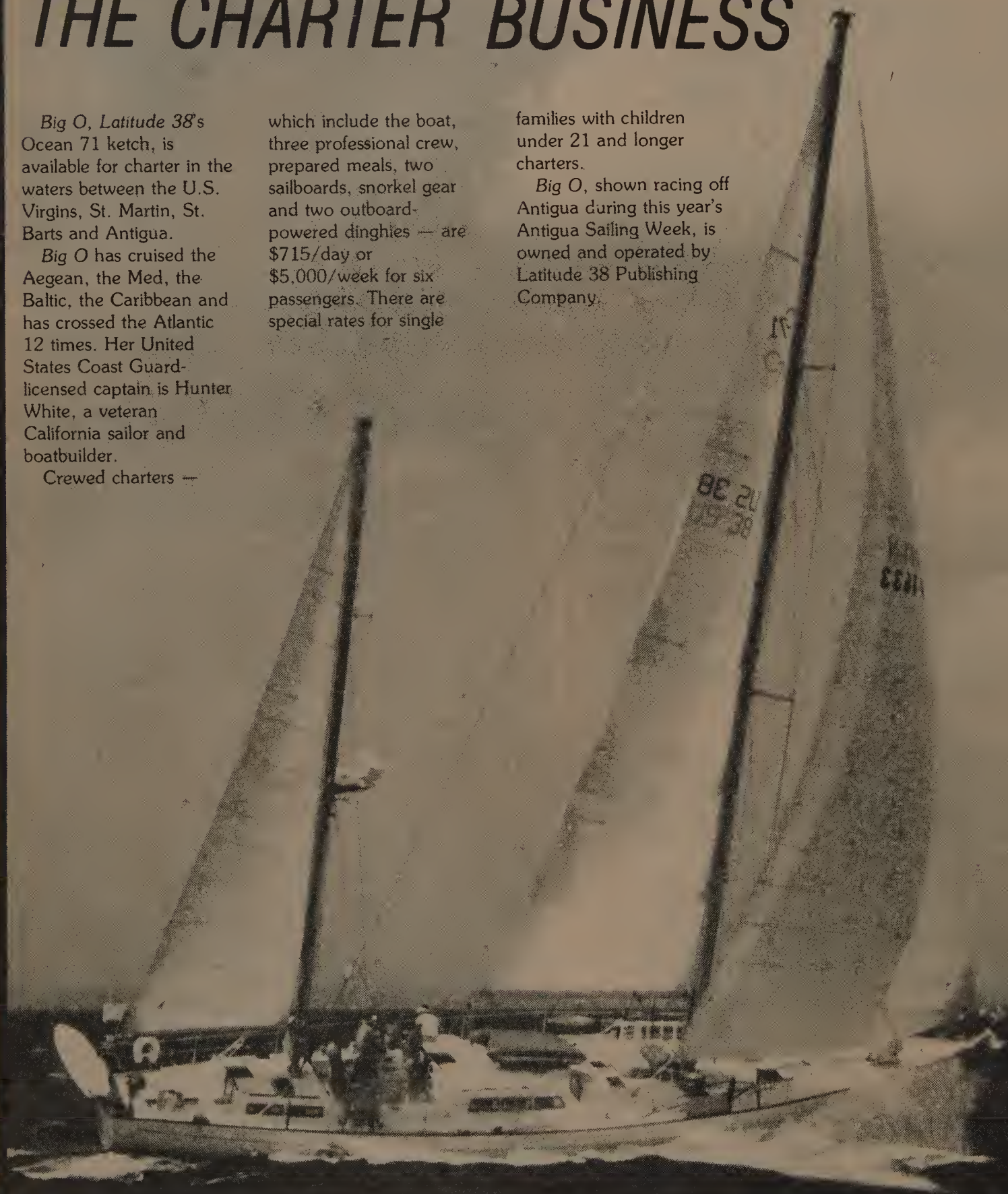
Big O has cruised the Aegean, the Med, the Baltic, the Caribbean and has crossed the Atlantic 12 times. Her United States Coast Guard-licensed captain is Hunter White, a veteran California sailor and boatbuilder.

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which include the boat, three professional crew, prepared meals, two sailboards, snorkel gear and two outboard-powered dinghies — are \$715/day or \$5,000/week for six passengers. There are special rates for single

families with children under 21 and longer charters.

Big O, shown racing off Antigua during this year's Antigua Sailing Week, is owned and operated by Latitude 38 Publishing Company.



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LETTERS

Nelson has a similar breed back home). After killing the rest of my four-hour-wait between planes, I boarded my flight to Los Angeles.

When the plane landed I thought summer had arrived. The temperatures were in the 60's and there was sunshine all day as my brother drove me to San Diego.

After becoming acclimatized to the weather, I got a request: "I need you to hop on a plane and come down here to Costa Rica to help me bring my boat back to San Diego." Not another word needed; in a flash I was on a plane bound for Miami and then Costa Rica. While in Miami I had another of those four-hour layovers between planes. When I walked out the airport doors, I turned around and walked straight back in. Oh, the humidity! They said I'd get used to it, but I never did.

I arrived in Costa Rica about 10 p.m. and nearly fell over from the heat when I got out of the plane. But actually it didn't take me too long to get adjusted to the warmth as I had felt it a few times before in the Med when delivering boats down there.

That night I slept with nothing but a sheet over me. 'This must be paradise', I thought, assuming it would last the entire way back to San Diego.

After a few days in the sun, I started to get the feeling my skin was getting tighter and tighter. It wasn't long before it became impossible for me to walk on the decks, put on a shirt, touch my shoulder or even move. I was sunburned over my entire body. Even the lotions I put on didn't help.

Then came the surprise. After a couple more days of pain so severe that I'd try anything, I sprayed myself from head to toe with WD-40 lubricant. That's right, WD-40. Within hours I was fit as a fiddle. I felt no more pain, I could walk the decks — everything! The only problem was I smelled like a diesel engine; but what the heck, I could move again and I got a hell of a sun tan.

Although I don't protect myself with WD-40 anymore, it's nice to know should I ever run short of traditional sun tan lotion there's a back up handy.

Squire
Bonita

Squire — We're not surprised the lubricant worked so well for you. Right on the can it says it; "Stops Squeaks"; "Loosens Parts"; and, "Frees Sticky Mechanisms" — all of which it seemed to do for you. Best of all, it's got a 'sun protection factor' of 273.

In all seriousness, WD-40 is a petroleum distillate propelled out of the can by propane. They say it's harmful or fatal if swallowed; slathering it all over ravaged skin isn't doctor-recommended either.

□GOOD GUYS AWARD FOR KETTENBURG MARINE

I arrived in San Diego on April 9th of this year. My 36-ft sailboat was transported from Seattle by a commercial boat carrier. Kettenburg Marine was contracted to off-load the boat and step the mast. In the process there was some damage to the furling system which resulted in time delays and additional cost. Throughout the ordeal I found the employees and yard management to be most polite even though my frustration was clearly showing.

Upon receiving the bill I commented on the extra charges due to the delays and added expense. The Yard Manager corrected the billing and requested a copy of the additional charges from the repair of the furling system. To my surprise and without lengthy debate, the additional charges were absorbed by Kettenburg Marine.

One might comment that this is not the way to run a business. However, I can assure you, anyone asking my opinion of what yard to use will get a clear answer. This is not to suggest Kettenburg will take similar events lightly. But it certainly goes a long way to

LETTERS

demonstrate a commitment to service and excellence.

Bill Blalock
Urban Cajun
San Diego

□A MORE DETAILED EXPLANATION

Thank you for the t-shirt. My wife has claimed ownership, stating possession is nine points of law, and although the fit is somewhat oversized, it is hers to have and to hold.

As to your questions about my visit to Port Williams, Chile, the southernmost inhabited area of the world: The yacht club house is a very, very old military freight vessel of about 160 feet, sunk in mud in shallow water, with the lower portion flooded, and the upper house used as the club facility. It was closed and unoccupied when I was there, so I left the magazine in their mail box. The sign, stating that this was the Port Williams YC, was, interestingly, in English.

Three 18 to 20-ft sloops were moored next to the club house. That was the extent of boats in sight.

My presence there was the culmination of a two-week trip to Antarctica aboard Society Expeditions vessel *Society Explorer*. We boarded at Punta Arenas, some 80 miles north of Williams, and made 16 landings in Antarctica. We returned to Chile, landed on Cape Horn — made the first successful landing on the Horn in nine attempts over a period of a couple of years, I was told — and disembarked at Puerto Williams for the long and tedious flight home.

Since my return, I have presented the slide story of the trip to several yacht clubs and sailing associations.

I have been sailing for about 35 years, currently a Pearson Vanguard, mostly singlehanded, and am a charter member of the Pacific Singlehanded Sailing Association of Marina del Rey.

Peter Saltman
Tarzana

□THE GOOD GUYS AT CATALINA

About five years ago, a wise old salt guided me in my first yacht purchase; a Catalina 27, hull number 1023, built in 1973. As with any boat, she has given good and bad, but in general she has given far better than she has received. The success of the design speaks for itself.

What I didn't realize at the time of purchase was that the fine Catalina Yachts Parts Department was part of the bargain. Over the years I have replaced the rudder (lost off Pt. Conception after a wild March ride from San Francisco), all standing rigging (as a precaution only), spreaders and brackets, mast step, etc., etc. The support and technical advice of the personnel in the Parts Department has always been on target and courteous. The pricing on parts has been entirely fair and occasionally, just amazing.

Most recently, I called Catalina for information on repairing the excess play in my rudder post. Instead of an expensive list of parts, I received a tech note outlining two simple solutions. No, they didn't make any money on that transaction but it sure cemented a relationship. As much as I love my Catalina 27, sooner or later I'll be moving up. New or used, experience with Catalina will be a major factor in my decisions.

My "Good Guy Award" goes to Catalina for being there when you need them, year after year, and for doing things the way they should be done.

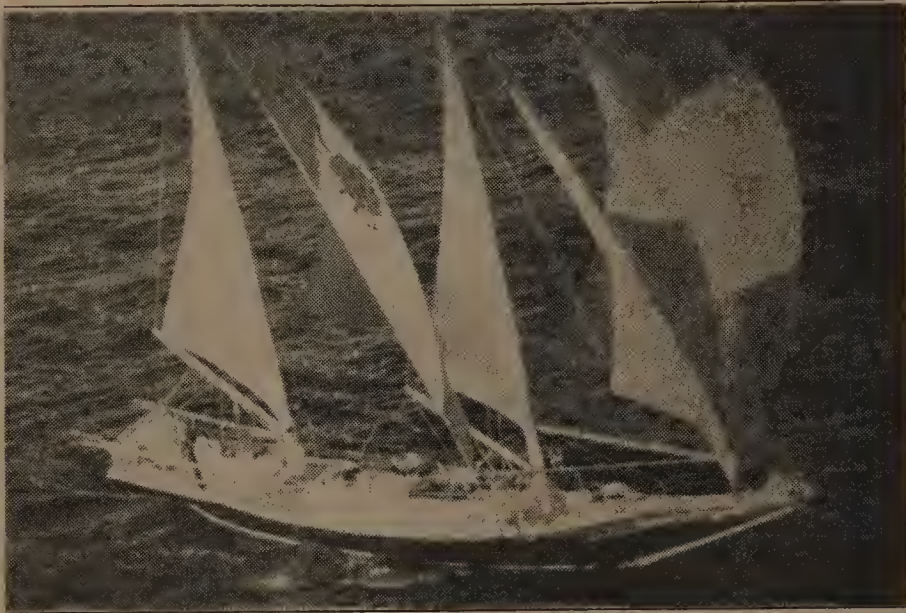
Paul Mullin
Westminster

Latitude 34 thinks sailing is about people — people like you. We care about what you think. We learn from our readers. We'd enjoy hearing from you.

SIGHTINGS

a few good yarns and a whale of a tale

Even among character boats, Long Beach's *Aegean Sea* stands out. There's no mistaking that long, lissome black hull; those raked masts; that sweeping, lusty clipper bow. But in this case, the 65-ft overall schooner's physical attributes are only half the attraction. The other half is her crusty



'Aegean Sea' under full sail.

owner and skipper, Earl Schultz. With a shock of snowy hair, a perennial captain's cap and a thick white mustache accenting his weaterbeaten face, Earl could be Bully Hayes reincarnate. Add to the picture his twinkling blue eyes and adeptness at yarn-spinning, and you have a man every bit as unique as the boat he loves.

Schultz' own story only adds to the mystique. He ran away from home at 14 and spent 30 years in the Merchant Marine. After living a short time back east, he loaded up his sweetheart, a sleeping bag and an old tent on his Harley and headed west, ending up in Long Beach. A series of occupations ensued, probably the most familiar to boaters was his 20-year ownership of the Captain's Galley snack bar (now Schooner or Later) next to Stan Miller's in the Long Beach Marina. He owned several boats, but it wasn't until the late '50s that he decided he wanted to build *the* boat. Not just any yacht would do. He'd always admired the graceful New England oyster boats, so he sent away for plans — 150-year-old plans — and began a building.

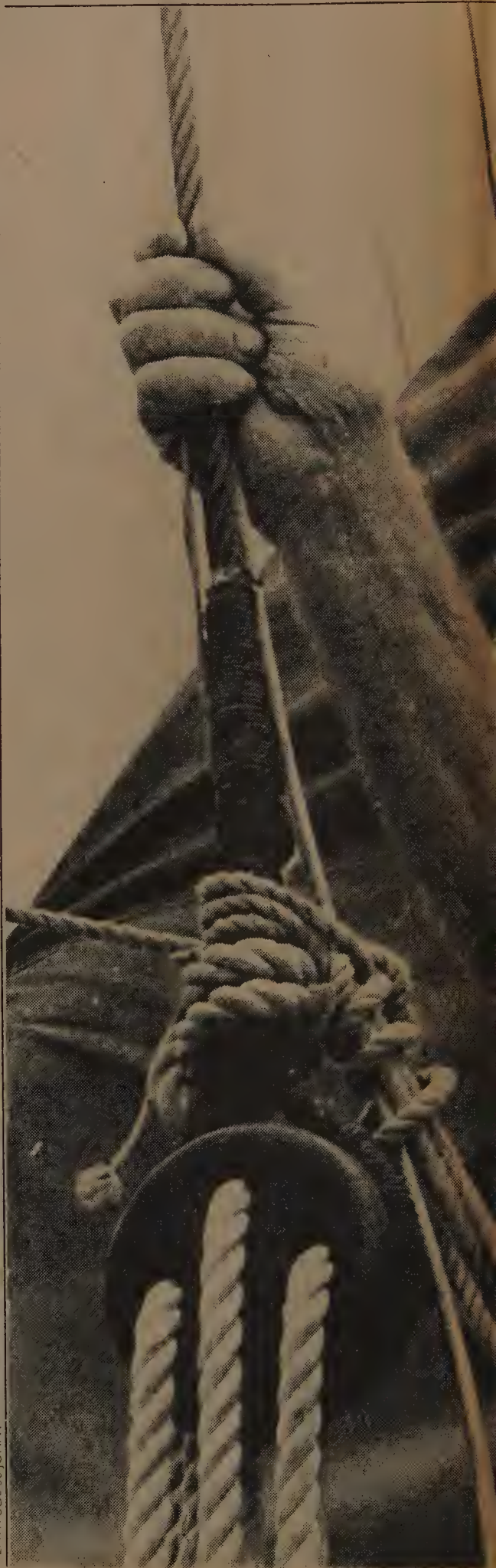
To add to her own personality, *Aegean Sea*'s raw materials included many parts from other boats. The rudder quadrant came off a tug that sank in Newport Harbor. The salvage diver was a friend of Earl's and donated it to the project. The gaffs were donated by the skipper of the old *Diablo* after it was converted to marconi for one of the Tahiti races. The fixed ports are 3/4-inch bulletproof glass Earl found at a military surplus store for 49 cents apiece. Ninety-four dollars bought two spruce logs that eventually became masts.

The engine, a 25-horse Budda diesel, began life in a Navy whaleboat. It spent many postwar years powering another yacht. Earl bought it for \$275, and it sat uncared for for the last four of the eight years it took to build *Aegean Sea*. "But when we launched the boat, we hit the starter and the damn thing started right up! We haven't had a problem with it since," says Earl. "That's why Buddha went out of business," he adds. "They never sold any spare parts."

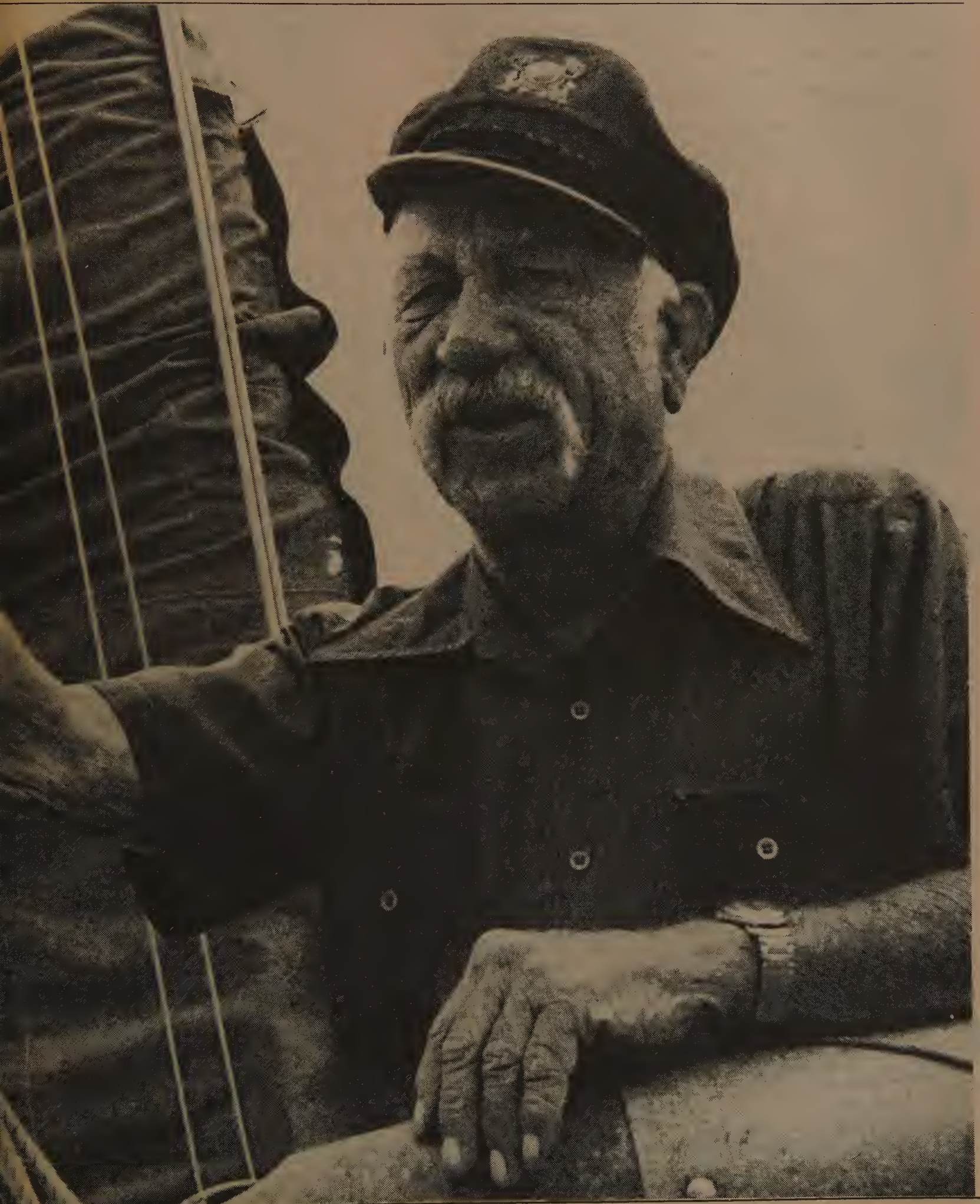
Aegean Sea has proven a worthy match for her owner's adventurous spirit. "This is a wonderful sailing boat," he says. "We were just out the other day and sailed right by a fishing boat doing 12 knots."

Earl has raced the boat in many local races, notably the Ancient Mariner events and Homeward Bound Race (Catalina to Long Beach — "We were always first to finish in that one"), and 16 Ensenada Races.

cont'd on next sightings page



LATITUDE 38/JOHN R



SIGHTINGS

a few good yarns — cont'd

Those were always the craziest, and therefore the most fun, he says. One time, some gear stowed in the unused aft shower bumped the knob and all the fresh water got pumped overboard. "It was terrible: 14 people on board and we had to wash the dishes in beer." Another time, they arrived for the start off Newport only to realize someone had left all the beer on the dock back in Long Beach.

"We couldn't go to Ensenada without beer!" says Earl. "So we went roaring into Newport Harbor to get some. Of course, everyone going out was yelling, 'You're going the wrong way, Earl! Ensenada is that way' and pointing south. Well, we pulled up alongside the Pavilion, still moving. They were throwing cases of beer at us and we were throwing rolls of money at them. We missed our start by about 10 minutes but still won our division! We celebrated that one. In fact, at the awards ceremony, I was so drunk my crew had to lead me up to get our trophy. All I remember is giving my heartfelt thanks to the various breweries — and then falling off the stage."

Great stories all, but the tale of the whale has to be one of the best Ensenada stories we've heard. It happened on one of the light-air years. Aegean Sea sat motionless on a glassy sea when out of nowhere a whale surfaced right beside them.

"He was as long as the boat," says Earl. "And at first I thought it might have been that gray whale they had in captivity a few years back, because he didn't seem at all scared of us. Of course, everybody got all excited and took pictures, but he stayed right beside us for hours. Gradually everybody lost interest and the off-watch went below."

"Then the whale passed wind. Let me tell you, I've never experienced anything like that. It smelled terrible. It woke everyone up down below and they came up on deck to see who was responsible."

"Then I realized that this whale might not have been well, because right then it took a shit that spread out on the surface about the size of a football field — with us right in the middle. The smell was something you couldn't believe. Remember now, there's no wind to blow this away, and this is a race so we can't start the engine . . . We were all very happy when that whale finally decided to leave."

A sad footnote: failing eyesight and advancing age — Earl will be 80 in November — have forced the sale of Aegean Sea. Fortunately, the new owner plans to keep the boat in the same location, at least for the moment, and has extended an open invitation to her old skipper to come along whenever they go out.

marina del rey slips average \$9 per foot

Los Angeles County has decided to use the county-owned Marina Del Rey slips to produce the maximum amount of revenue instead of just covering costs. This is bad news for boatowners. Berth fees have skyrocketed. By using the highest-priced marinas as the "market value," Marina Del Rey slips have risen to an average of \$9 per foot. Liveaboard slips go for up to \$16 per foot.

Because the 6,000 berths in Marina Del Rey account for about 25 percent of all the slips in Southern California, the increase is forcing rents up all over the area, according to George Powloff, secretary of Marina Del Rey Pioneer Skippers.

The group met to discuss ways of lowering slip fees last month, and decided to form a coalition of all boating groups on the west coast.

"It's only a matter of time until this starts happening in Northern California too," he said. "Governments are looking for new revenue sources, and a bill passed in Sacramento last year allows municipalities and counties to use any property they own to produce revenue." The county makes \$13 million a year off Marina Del Rey berth rents, Powloff said.

The group plans to push legislation that would limit rent increases, explore legal action and lobby the state Department of Waterways.

Proposition 13 clipped off many tax sources for cities and counties, and

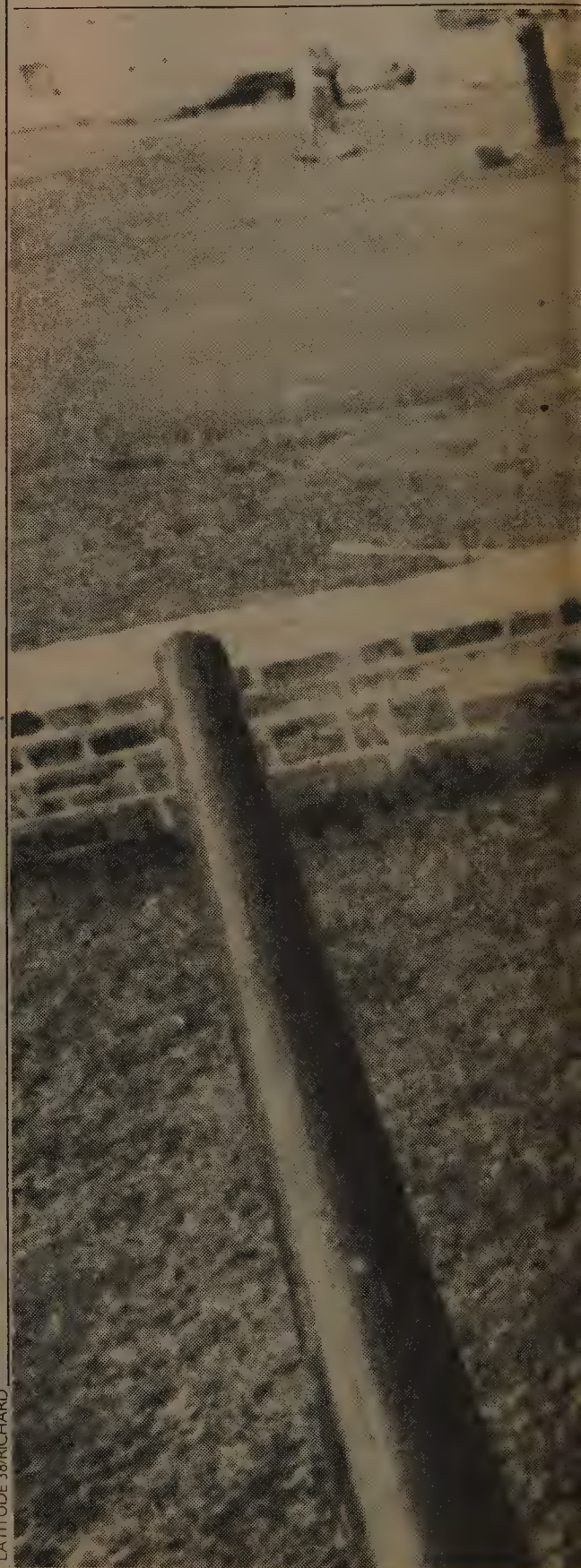
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yes,

Children know it's a "small, small world" because their parents take them on that ride in Disneyland.

Adult sailors know it's a "small, small world" because just about no matter what port of the world you're in, you meet someone from back home.

Take the two women in the photo below, which was shot in Antigua. The woman in



LATITUDE 38/RICHARD

it is

the hat is Donna Andre who used to race *Last Tango*, a Schock 35, out of Marina del Rey. She'd been kicking around the Grenadines for the last several months on the Mallorca-based *Swan 47*, *Decoy*, enjoying Mustique most of all.

When Donna, the woman on the right, said she was from St. Thomas in the Virgin

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\$9 per foot — cont'd

the marina income is "pure gravy" for the county, Powloff said.

Pioneer Skippers can be contacted at P.O. Box 381, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291, or call (213) 821-7614.

the time we almost lost the boat

need kills. That's what they say on the highways, but it can be true at sea, too. We know, because haste almost made waste of our *Freya 39*.

cont'd on next sightings page



SIGHTINGS

almost lost the boat — cont'd

The situation was that we needed to get our boat from her temporary slip in Chula Vista to her not-so-temporary slip in Ventura. We also had to do it alone, and with some dispatch.

We figured it wouldn't be a problem. Leave Chula Vista early and get to Dana Point for dinner. Leave Dana Point early the next day and arrive at King Harbor or Marina del Rey for late afternoon cocktails. And the third day putt up for a late dinner back at Ventura's notorious G dock.

This was one of the rare times that a sailing trip didn't turn out exactly as planned. We — like most sailors on most passages — got a late start. It was late when we got into Dana Point and dropped the hook just off the fuel

cont'd on next sightings page

yes, it is

Islands, we said, "You must know our old California friend Warren Stryker?"

"Of course I know Warren," she said. That's because it is a small, small sailing world.

last call for

If you're planning a trip to relatively uncrowded Catalina, you'd better go now. We all know that once school's out, the

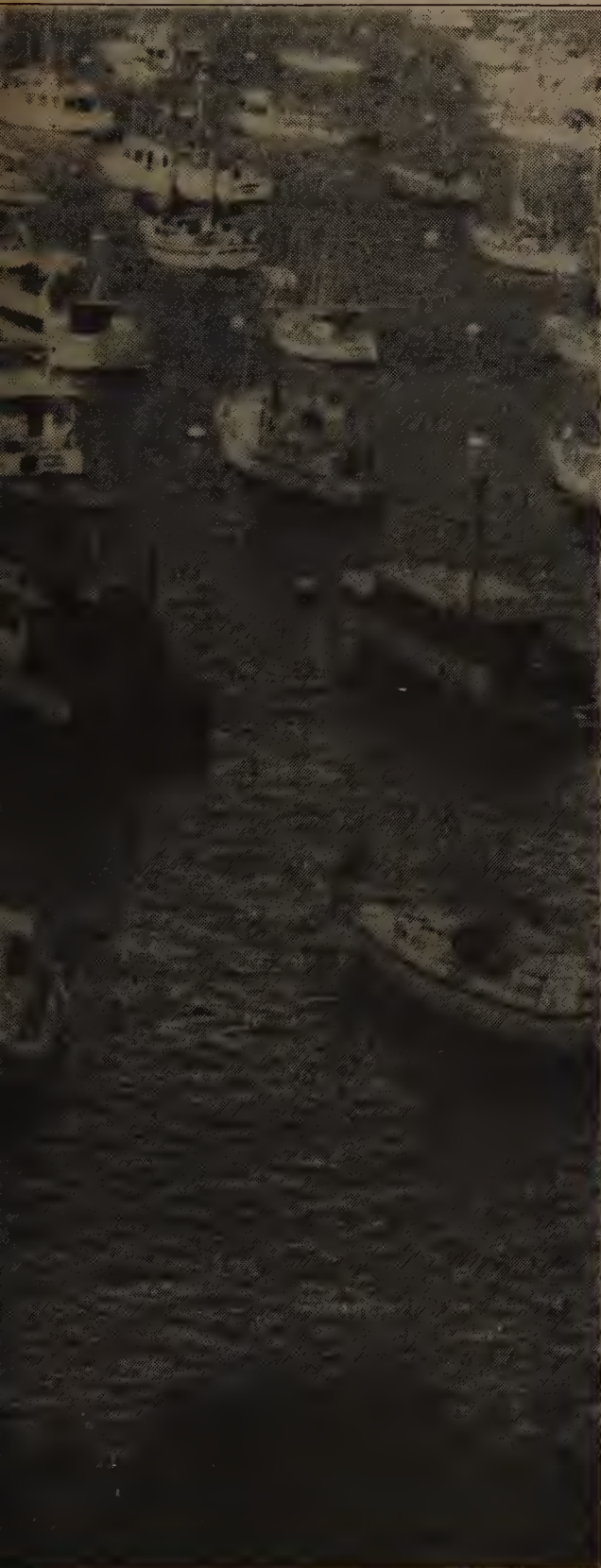


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Incidentally, the two women are shown working out on the same capstan that Admiral Nelson's men used to careen boats in English Harbor, Antigua.

room at the island

island retreat will look like this until after Labor Day.



almost lost the boat — cont'd

dock. Too late to find anything to eat ashore. We slept hungry but soundly.

The second day we got a late start, too. It *always* takes longer to fuel up than you plan. Especially when you try to keep the combination of the fuel dock and the Dana Point surge from crunching your boat in half. But once we got underway, we moved along smartly. As we passed the Newport Harbor entrance, the John Wayne Airport jets were whisking the businessmen off to war. We were more than content not to have to trade places with them.

It must have been around 1300 that we passed abeam of Point Fermin. As usually happens, the afternoon wind had come up and was blowing nicely down from Pt. Vicente. Nicely if you were sailing downwind with the chute and a blooper, but not nicely if you were trying to quickly motor into it.

Slowed by wind and chop, it was almost 1500 when we reached Pt. Vicente. Pt. Vicente is the place that separates the Type A people from the Type B people. The Type B person says, "I can be in King Harbor in little over an hour, sipping a beer in an air-conditioned bar watching some of the most beautiful faces and figures in the world parade by."

Unfortunately, we're Type A. As much as we adore lovely faces and figures, we say to ourselves, "If we really want to push it, we can skip making the slight detour into Santa Monica Bay that would take us to King Harbor or Marina del Rey, and press on 20 miles or so to the anchorage at Paradise Cove. And heck, if things go well, we might just feel like continuing right on to Channel Islands Harbor — it's not *that* far."

Such is the thinking of fools.

It was black by the time we got to Paradise Park. It was also windy. It was no longer a case of our "might just feel like continuing right on to Channel Islands Harbor"; we had to. That or do the unthinkable: back track, our tail between our transom, to Marina del Rey, where the bars would already be closed.

So we pressed on, powered by a trusty three-cylinder Yanmar, sheltered by a good dodger, and letting the Benmar autopilot do most of the hard work.

But nonetheless, it was no pleasant trip. The wind often blows hard off Pt. Dume in the late afternoons and evenings, and this was one of those evenings. Whereas we'd been making six knots over the bottom before, we guessed we were now down to about three or four.

And we were tired. We kept falling asleep in the cockpit and waking up ten minutes later, angry at our lack of vigilance. Then we'd fall right back to sleep again.

Finally — it must have been about 0200 the next morning — we passed abeam the buoy at Pt. Hueneme and slapped our face, yelled and screamed, and generally did everything we could do to bring ourselves to our senses. For now was the difficult navigational part of the trip; getting to the Channel Islands Harbor entrance and inside without killing ourselves.

The Channel Islands entrance, if you haven't entered at night for a couple of years, can be tricky. There are lots of background lights, there's the off-shore jetty, and there's the fact we're operating a couple of bricks short of a fireplace.

But we revved our mind up, plotted and rechecked and double rechecked the course to the Channel Islands entrance, and finally saw the red light that marks the place we need to turn into the entrance.

As a result of going virtually non-stop for more than two days, we lacked confidence. "He who hesitates is dead," we keep repeating to ourselves, not remembering who first said it or in what context. But it gave us faith as we got closer and closer to the red jetty light.

As we came to a quarter mile of the jetty entrance, the seas had really kicked up because the boat was bouncing up and down like a bucking bronco. "He who hesitates is dead", we said, relentlessly driving to the red light.

And now that we were a mere 100 yards from the entrance to the harbor that would give us rest and shelter, something looked wrong. Although we certainly couldn't tell for sure, it looked an awful lot like there was a huge

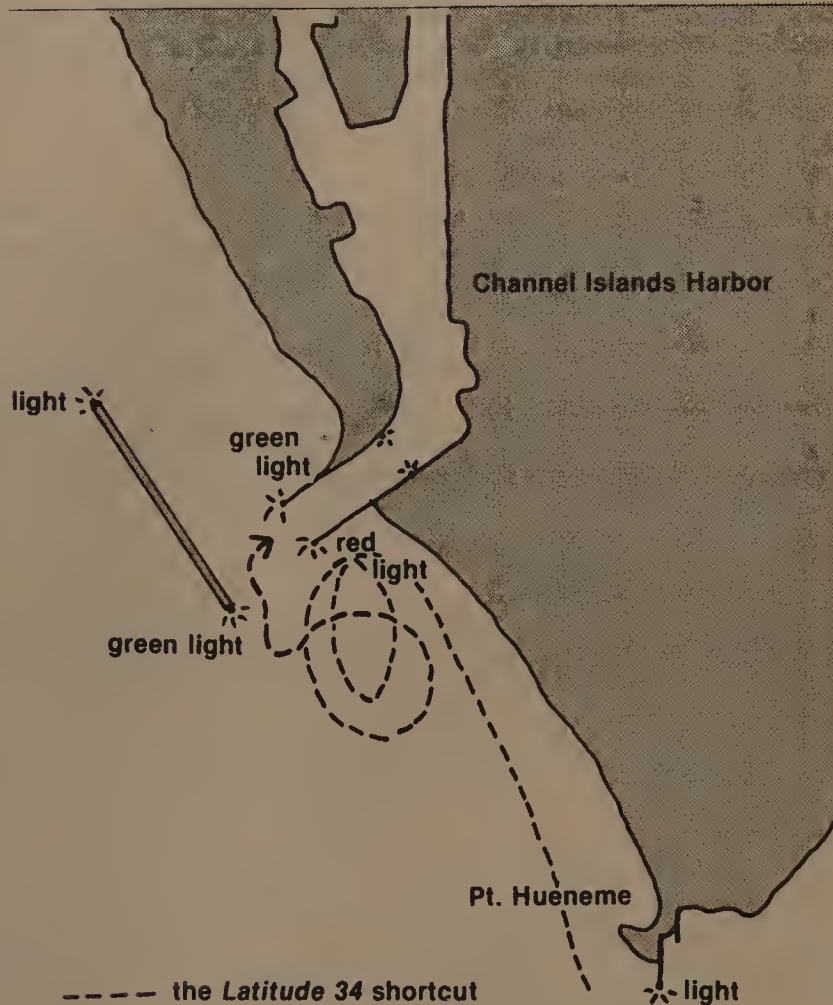
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SIGHTINGS

almost lost the boat — cont'd

breakwater in our path. "He who hesitates is dead!" we hollered at the top of our lungs, and gave the engine a little more throttle.

No more than 25 yards from the entrance we bailed out. Either we were nuts or there had been a big jetty directly in front of our bow. We steered off-shore, ran below to check and recheck and recheck our calculation from Pt.



Hueneme — it had to be right. "He who hesitates is dead" we screamed over and over heading for the elusive entrance once again.

Yet once more we bailed out just 15 yards from what sure looked like a rock breakwater to us. We pulled out our super powerful spotlight and decided to see for sure if the breakwater that had frightened us off was real or imaginary. The Guest spots are incredibly powerful — but ours was of no help. The stray light half-blinded us, and the illuminated spray from the tumultuous seas further obscured our vision.

So once again we headed offshore — and almost ran into a breakwater. We quickly wheeled around to the southwest to get away from the surf slamming against it, and then it all became clear to our foggy ming. We'd been trying to go inside the red light!!! How in the world could we have been so stupid? How in the world could our checking and rechecking not have raised the error? Possibly common stupidity, but more likely the exhaustion brought on by haste.

Having discovered our error, it was no problem entering the harbor. We motored over to the Harbormaster's office to get a guest slip. We laughing told the patrolman on duty about our screw-up and how close we'd come — we had virtually been in the surf — to slamming head-on into the breakwater.

"Yeah," he said laconically, "I've been sitting here for the last half hour watching you. Your masthead light was swaying back and forth like crazy. I thought sure you'd lose your boat."

We gave him a weary 'well-why-didn't-you-do-something-you-jerk' look.

cont'd on next sightings page

lucky to

A few months ago, Ken Kiedling probably would have looked upon the job of setting up this Catalina 34 mast as routine. Since March 12, though, the rigger at Santa Barbara's Coast Chandlery has developed an appreciation for even the most routine tasks. That's the day Ken was in a seaplane crash and, were it not for the quick action of a nearby sailor, within a heartbeat of becoming another statistic.

The crash made all the papers. Ken, the pilot and another friend were flying near the oil rigs when one of the plane's two engines cut out. During a difficult but upright landing



be alive

on the water, the plane slewed sideways and exploded into flames. All three men went into the water, and within minutes were picked up by an unidentified sailor on the sailboat *Hazardous Waste*. As providence would have it, the owner was a surgeon and was able to stabilize the men until help arrived.

The accident is still under investigation by the FAA, so Ken was reluctant to go into further detail, except to say that "everybody's okay," and that it was good to be leading a normal life again.

almost lost the boat — cont'd

"We used to go out and help people that got in trouble out there," he offered, "but then we lost one of our boats trying to help. So we don't do that anymore."

We thought about it for a moment, but couldn't get angry. Our getting in jeopardy had been nobody's fault but our own. Maybe it would teach us something

And in fact it did. When we made the same trip a year later in the same boat, we got out of Dana Point a little earlier. This allowed us to scout out the anchorage at Malibu, decide against it, and still make the safety of Paradise Park before complete darkness had set in.

But the major lessons are three. Don't be a Type A person. Singlehanded can distort your ability to think clearly. And three, whoever said "He who hesitates is dead" was wrong.



SIGHTINGS

the mini minney empire

In the unlikely event that any of you Newport boaters have not yet met any of the Minney family, chances are good that you've taken advantage of at least one of the services this boating-oriented family has given to the area. These include Josh Slocum's restaurant, Minney's Boat Chandlery (which also sells used gear and sails) and Westport Marine.

It all started a score of years ago when George Minney, father of a growing clan of youngsters, had the foresight to purchase waterfront property on what is now one of the most prestigious locations on the west coast: along Coast Highway in Newport Beach. Although George is gone now, the pro-

cont'd on next sightings page

\$1 million prize

Here's a race that may interest you, but it costs \$20,000 to enter. It's billed as The Ultimate Yacht Race, and the reason it costs so much to enter is that first prize is \$1 million. There is no second prize.

This race is so outrageous it costs \$50 just to get more information. Maybe we should start a fund, ask readers to donate \$1 apiece to buy the "complete regatta information package," and then run it in *Latitude*. But



for fastest boat

would it be worth \$1? Forget it.

There will be six races "to determine the fastest 30-foot monohull in the world." The races will be held May 6-14, 1988 in Corpus Christi, Texas, which the brochure describes as "the sparkling city by the sea."

If you've got \$20,000 and a really fast 30-footer, contact Toby or Glenn at (817) 332-2431.



mini minney — cont'd

perty has stayed in the family. They are Joe, Ernie, Owen, Trish, Cindy and their families, and the family matriarch, Alice Minney. That PCH property supports Josh Slocum's and the Minney Chandlery, two of the most popular



You can get anything you want (almost) at Alice's Restaurant — and Minney's Chandlery.

sailor hangouts in the area. Westport Marine, Owen's business, is a short distance away up Newport Blvd. Westport specializes in unique boats (Ed Groenendyke's Farr 58 discussed elsewhere in this issue is being built there). Owen also continues to refine, build, sell and sail the venerable P-Cats. The 1980s version of this 20-footer weighs less than half the 600 pounds of the original.

A walk around Minney's chandlery, run by Ernie, is enough to warm the cockles of the coldest sailor's heart. All manner of used gear is available there, as well as a complete line of new gear and a large book section. The used sails department has a good selection of sails for almost every application, each plainly marked as to size, application and condition.

The real showpiece of the Minney business, though, is Josh Slocum's. The interior of the place was designed by the well-known marine artist Lyle Galloway, and many of his illustrations decorate the ornate mahogany walls. In addition to offering an ideal post-sail atmosphere to Newport boaters, Slocum's also takes an active part in sponsoring local racing, particularly for the older, wooden boat set. Their Tuesday night series currently draws about 30 such boats.

Dockage in front (back?) of the restaurant is reserved for woodies — or mostly so. One of them is *Taltona*, a 1946 Sparkman/Stevens 46 that Owen and friends just sailed to a division win in the Ensenada Race. Another, the 50-ft schooner *Samarang* is the ongoing project of Ernie Minney. That's him drilling out some dryrot in the rail. The old girl is getting a mostly cosmetic facelift in the form of bulwarks, coachroof and deck renovation. (Another former Minney boat, the schooner *Kelpie*, now runs day charters out of Dana

cont'd on next sightings page

mini minney — cont'd

Point.)

The three brothers are the executive directors of Slocum's. (Though they're hardly executive types. Last time we were there, Owen was elbow deep tearing a toilet apart in the restroom.) Cindy runs the Josh Slocum's in Mammoth Lakes.

And Mom?

"She does what she's best at," says Owen. "She counts the money."

ventura county to request the pox?

In a somewhat surprising move mid-May, a group calling itself the Channel Island Challenge, representing the cities of Oxnard, Ventura and Port
cont'd on next sightings page

give us

This is the second issue of *Latitude 34*, dedicated to the sailing scene from Santa Barbara to San Diego, and we think you'll like some of our stories about sailing and people — especially the people.

We think people are the most interesting part of sailing, and we learn what's happening from you. So drop us a line sometime! Let us know about upcoming nautical events, interesting sailors, seagoing history



the scoop

and just plain good ol' sailing yarns.

Watch for us next month. We'll have informative TransPac background, plus some of the stories that we said would be in this issue but aren't, like the story of a medical emergency at sea.

Write us at 1625 W. Olympic Blvd., Ste. M06, Los Angeles, CA 90015 or call (213) 252-3500. See you next month!



LATITUDE 38/SARAH

the pox — cont'd

Hueneme, as well as the civic leaders and businessmen and yachting organizations, announced they have launched a campaign to become the site of the 1991 America's Cup.

As it stands now, the Sail America Foundation, the San Diego YC, and Dennis Conner are wrestling over where the next Cup should be fought. San Diego YC members naturally want it held off San Diego. Santa Cruz and Monterey think it would be neat if it was held on Monterey Bay. Newport, Rhode Island says they've got the traditional site and facilities. Kansas City vows to build an ocean to get the Cup. Honolulu says they've got the wind and the prime time television hours. San Francisco says they've not only got wind, but the world's best natural amphitheater. The Channels Islands Challenge has . . . well, in our estimation, a really rotten idea.

Up until a few months ago our family kept our boat in Ventura for several years. And we loved it. Its attractions are many; it's close to the Channel Islands, it gets some of the most consistent wind in Southern California, there's great board and body surfing right across the street as well as a children's beach, the inner harbor is a good place to learn to sailboard, the facilities are good — but that's just the half of it.

The beauty of Ventura Harbor, and to a slightly lesser extent Channel Islands harbor, is that by Southern California standards they are the boondocks. Highway 101, bless its congested six lanes, heads inland just north of Ventura and thus completely bypasses those two harbors. Consequently, the Ventura and Oxnard waterfronts don't have the crowds and go-go pace of Marina del Rey, Newport Beach and San Diego. And thank God for that. Channel Islands and Ventura Harbors are surrounded by working farms, for goodness sake!

If the Channel Islands Challenge were to win the dubious honor of hosting the 1991 America's Cup, much that is dear in those harbors would be lost. Sure it would put the area on the map, but at what cost to the quality of life? Is the America's Cup what most folks in Ventura and Channel Islands — as opposed to businessmen and government officials — really want? We hope not.

We've said it once and we'll say it again, the America's Cup — Conner's been quoted as saying the next defense will cost \$100 million — isn't sailing as anybody but a handful of overbudgeted few know it. We're convinced that such excess — even if it's media generated — has led to the false impression that all boatowners are wealthy, the result of which is folks like Senator Danforth trying to repeal the 'second home' status of boats. We think that the America's Cup is becoming an albatross around the necks of middle income sailors who have a greater love for the sea than they do commercial hype.

We'd prefer to see Channel Islands and Ventura become leaders not followers; they can do this by declaring their harbors the first 12-Meter Free Zones in the world.

the boat that ice cream built

From our "where are they now" file comes an update on Ed Groenendyke and his now-building Farr 58. If his name doesn't ring a bell, South Seas cruisers will know Ed from the chain of Tahiti Ice Cream establishments that he originated and oversaw for 20 years. A few lucky ones may also remember enjoying his and his family's hospitality if they happened to drop the hook off his home, which overlooked the Atehiti Anchorage on the south side of Tahiti.

Anyway, Ed is a mainlander again. We ran into him at Wesport Marine in Newport Beach, where he's putting together another of Bruce Farr's big ultralights. Like Dick Deaver's *Out'a Here*, which we featured in last month's issue, Groenendyke's boat will reflect much of Ed's lifestyle and sailing philosophy. In Ed's case, as with Deaver, we were impressed at just how much thought had gone into the design.

"I chose the Farr design after looking at a lot of boats," says Groenendyke, who sold the ice cream business in 1980. "I've grown up around the water, and still enjoy almost all water sports. I've sailed and raced extensively on

cont'd on next sightings page

SIGHTINGS

ice cream — cont'd

multihulls, and enjoy that speed, but for cruising I wanted a monohull. So the boat I was looking for had to be fast, easily handled and comfortable for myself, my wife and my twin teenage son and daughter. The Farr fit all those criteria."

Lucinda Mae's hull was popped out of Ed Gil's mold, the same one Deaver used for *Out'a Here*. (Gil owns *Whistlewind*, a racing version of the Farr 55 design.) From the deck up, though, differences in the two boats are immediately apparent. Where Deaver went with a center cockpit, Groenendyke opted for an aft cockpit with an open transom and swim platform. That made the boat a foot longer than *Out'a Here* and three feet longer than the original 55-ft design length. We say "swim platform" for convenience' sake. To show the amount of thinking that has gone into every facet of construction so far, Ed calls it the "watersports platform." In designing it, he has considered swimming, boardsailing, diving and fishing — though so far he has no plans to fit a fighting chair back there like Deaver.

Below decks, *Lucinda Mae* also features some out-of-the-ordinary ideas. Both Farr and Mill Valley designer Bob Smith have contributed to the clean, efficient interior of the boat. For example, all the mechanical components — engine, refrigeration, hydraulics — have been centralized. The hydraulics themselves are a departure from the norm, as the system will take the place of a generator. From a centralized pressure reservoir, hydraulics will run the anchor windlass, watermaker, alternator, dive compressor and emergency bilge or fire pump. Another particularly trick innovation is the placement of a 100-gallon fuel tank inside the equally innovative Scheel keel.

In addition to standardized layouts for the main salon, galley, nav station, aft quarter cabin and forward accommodations, the aft starboard quarter will feature an "activity cabin." Designed with the 14-year-olds in mind, this will have a foldable table and large settee, which can also make into an extra double when guests drop by. Six large Giot open-either-way hatches in the overhead let in plenty of air and light.

Unlike Deaver, who limited permanent berthing to four people, Groenendyke looks forward to big groups sailing aboard *Lucinda Mae*. "I like a lot of people around," says Ed. "We can either go with three couples and no kids or two couples and lots of kids." At the same time, he says, the most important aspect of the design is ease of handling. "I hope to set the boat up so I can sail it myself if I want."

All in all, even in its unfinished state, *Lucinda Mae* (named in memory of Groenendyke's sister) is quite a package. When completed, that package will weigh only 25,000 pounds and draw only six feet. The light-blue beauty is due for launch in late June. Besides cruising, Ed plans to take part in downwind races to Mexico and possibly Hawaii. Eventually, the Groenendykes hope to sail the boat back to Tahiti.

never on friday

Everyone knows that it's reckless to start a voyage on a Friday. But does that apply to a marina, too? We suppose the folks at Sunroad Marina, in the east basin of San Diego's Harbor Island, will find out soon enough. For on May 15 — possibly in honor of our brother's 40th birthday — they welcomed boats into the first phase of their 527-berth marina complex.

The initial phase opened 110 slips in the 50 to 60 foot range. If all goes to plan, another 136 will be made available on July 15. The final phase, which includes 327 berths, should be ready by mid-September, to coincide with the opening of the shoreside commercial part of the complex.

The greatest demand for slips in the tight San Diego market is for those in the 25 to 35 foot range. Unfortunately, Sunroad is not going to do a whole lot to alleviate that shortage. The smallest berths they're putting in are 30 feet, and there aren't that many of them. Furthermore, most of the small slips have already been spoken for.

Why not more smaller slips? Simple; it's less expensive to build and main-

cont'd on next sightings page

young

We've always had a hard time with the rocking-chair-on-the-porch concept of retirement. That's why we like to run into guys like Ben Turner. No shuffleboard and checkers in the park for this retiree. In fact, Ben just got back from his sixth Baja trip in seven years aboard the beautiful all-teak ketch *Teloa*.

"This year we were gone 110 days," says Ben, who's been making trips to Mexico by land or sea regularly since the late '40s. Obviously, the place still holds a great appeal, though Ben says it's changed — and is changing — quite a bit with each passing year.

"For one thing, there's an awful, awful lot more people," he says. For another, a lot of the good fishing is gone. "In the '50s, there were a lot of marlin off Espritos Santos. Now they're gone. And in the Sea of Cortez, I've never seen the fishing so poor as it was this year: no mahi mahi, no mackerel, no yellowtail. Still plenty of bonito, though."

Among the attractions that keep Ben coming back for more are places like Mack and Mary's Marina in Cabo — "They are terrific



LATITUDE 38/JOHN

at heart

people and do a fine job for cruisers" — and events like Sea of Cortez Race Week (aka Baja-Ha-Ha). "I don't race, but we have a lot of fun anyway."

Ben has owned *Teloa*, a Wells 34, since 1968, and has been taking the boat regularly to Mexico since about 1980. He used to make the trip with his wife, but health problems have kept her landbound the last few seasons. Now, when cooling California weather signals the return of the Mexican cruising season, he simply puts an ad in one of the local sailing papers and chooses a young crewman from the many applications he receives.

Ben just returned *Teloa* to its Santa Barbara slip at the end of April. The last few weeks have found him busy with regular upkeep and readying the boat for local summer sailing. But if you think, after everything's done, he's going to slow to a more sedate pace typical of retirees, think again.

"I met some very interesting people in Mexico who run rafting trips. So in August I'm going river running in Alaska."



never on friday — cont'd

tain one sixty foot slip than it is two 30-footers. There's also less billing to be done, less use of other facilities, and less people problems.

As befits a marina catering to mostly larger boats, it will be a first class



New marina on Harbor Island.

operation. Belinda Oitker advises that amenities will include plenty of restrooms and showers, a pool and spa, a picnic area, and perhaps most important in Southern California — adequate parking. Tenants at some San Diego marinas will no doubt drool at the very thought of having 650 parking spaces for 527 slips.

Unfortunately, as with the airlines, first class doesn't come cheap. The 30 to 50-foot slips at Sunroad will go for \$8.95/foot per month. The 51 to 68-ft berths are \$9.15/ft per month. End ties — which won't be available until September — will be \$11/ft per month. Everything is included except electricity. Oitker says that while Sunroad's fees seem high at first, they're actually cheaper than some other San Diego marinas that charge extra for parking or have less amenities.

The San Diego Port District allows marinas to have 10 percent liveaboards. Oitker advises that almost 50 percent of the tenant applicants have indicated an interest for liveaboard status. The marina will allow no more than two people to liveaboard a boat. There will be an extra charge of \$100 a month for the first person and \$65 a month for the second person. No one will be allowed to liveaboard until September.

There will be guest slips, but they, too, won't be available until September. Overnight fees have yet to be established.

Sunroad, which is not associated with any other marina, plans to have boats that are equal to the facilities it offers. "We're being very selective," said Oitker, "we check every boat that wants a slip and it must be in bristol condition or we won't accept it."

If it's illegal to discriminate in housing on the basis of sex, race or religion, is it legal to discriminate in berthing based on a boat's condition? Given the limited space available on the coast, this is liable to be a big legal issue of the 90's.

Speaking of limited space, Sunroad is widely believed to be the last marina space available in San Diego Bay proper, at least until the airport is moved out to Otay Mesa and work can be completed on the 14,000 berth Marina del Lindberg at the current airport site. Although we can't confirm it, a mole in the Port District told us that \$5 in an envelope addressed to 'Marina del Lindberg' and dropped at the Port headquarters will reserve a choice berth location next to the Marine Recruiting Depot.

LU DALE

Lu Dale has never felt the need to be a women's libber. This despite the fact that she makes her living in a role that has traditionally been the sole domain of men — delivery skipper.

On the other hand, she never went the "helpless female" route, either, asking for special treatment or consideration. She's become a professional the same way as any other delivery skipper, by being careful, thorough, resourceful, businesslike and able to roll with the punches. Her well-developed sense of humor doesn't hurt any, either.

That's not to say it's been easy. Old notions die hard and gender often was a handicap in the early years. In fact, if anything, Lu feels she often had to prove herself more competent than a man in a similar situation. Maybe those experiences gave her a slight edge; maybe she's just naturally good at what she does, but today, Lu is known, respected — and accepted — as one of the best in the small fraternity of professional delivery skippers.

All this is a far cry from her beginnings in sailing. Lu started sailing at the age of 19 when she was married to her first husband. He wanted to learn to sail and she hardly knew what a sailboat was. They bought a classic 26-foot wooden sloop and sailed and raced around the Puget Sound area. Eventually, they replaced the 26-footer with a 50-foot wooden ketch built in 1916, and lived aboard until their marriage broke up.



One of the many racing boats delivered by Lu Dale.

Lu continued sailing, racing on her OK Dinghy and in Dragons. She also helped commission boats for the local Shock dealer.

In 1970, she went on her first ocean race, the Victoria to Maui, on a Pearson Vanguard named *Lucy Alice*. In the back of her mind was the idea to go on and see the world through ocean racing. In Honolulu, she joined the crew delivering big *Blackfin* from



Lu Dale.

Tahiti to San Francisco. (The L.A. to Tahiti races are long gone but were great while they lasted.)

During the crossing, she made a deal with the skipper, Bob Dickson, a lifelong delivery skipper. If he would introduce her to the racing world, she would help him do deliveries. As agreed, Lu worked diligently and learned quickly on subsequent races and deliveries, and Bob "introduced me to everyone I needed to know in Southern California," she says. In two years, she went out on her own.

For the uninitiated, deliveries are the backbone of both the racing and cruising world. Most racing boat owners cannot afford the time to bring their boats back home after long distance ocean races. And many cruising boat owners want the luxury of cruising the world's prime areas without the drudgery of getting the boat to and from those areas. Both turn to the delivery skipper who puts together a crew and delivers the boat for a prearranged price and within a specified time.

Lu is qualified to do this anywhere in the world. In addition to her U.S. Coast Guard 100-ton power and sail license (18 months more sea time is required for the sail license), she holds Merchant Marine card and is a cer-

tified diver. And she is as experienced as they come. In the last 15 years she has sailed as skipper, navigator or crew on scores of boats, and has logged nearly 200,000 miles of racing, charter and delivery work. This includes 38 trips between Hawaii and the mainland; two trips to Hong Kong, Australia and New Zealand; four trips to Europe; six trips from the Caribbean to the west coast; and three trips from Tahiti to California. She has worked aboard both sail and power vessels, but there is no doubt that sailing continues to be her first great love.

Her racing resume reads like a Who's Who of yachts and yacht races: the '72 Vic-Maui on *Satin Doll*; the '79 SORC on *Mistress Quickly*; the '77 Fastnet and Cowes Week on *Blackfin*; the '79 Southern Cross Series on *Sorcery*; the '85 TransPac on *Allure*; the list goes on and on. By the time she was in her mid 30's, Lu had competed, usually as navigator, in almost every major ocean race in the world.

Her delivery credits are every bit as impressive. In the last five years alone, she has skippered almost 20 boats ranging from a 39-foot cruising cutter sailed from Fiji to Vancouver; to *Merlin*, the Bill Lee 67 which she brought home from the '81 TransPac. The largest yacht she ever delivered was a 90-footer from Panama to Ft. Lauderdale. Among the most unusual was her most recent delivery. She just returned in March from a two-month trip to return the 70-foot, three-masted *King Pendragon* to its legal owners in San Pedro.

"It was a bank repo," says Lu. "Don't ask me how a California bank repossesses a boat in Fiji, but it took 14 months and cost about \$40,000 more than the guy owed on the boat."

When we say unusual, in this case we mean the circumstances and the yacht itself. Like most deliveries, the actual sail was uneventful. No huge holes in the hull or gales to whet the appetites of sailing writers; just one more job well done to add to her file. That's what prospective clients like to see.

Lu realized her goal of seeing much of the world through racing. And though she still races occasionally, most of her sailing time is now spent in the relatively unharried, unhurried world of deliveries. And a fellow delivery skipper says, "She is one of the best in the business."

Being one of the best means having

LADY SAILS THE BLUE

mastered the thousand and one details of sailing someone else's boat, often thousands of miles, and having it and its crew arrive none the worse for wear — or at least in one piece. It means having to put together a crew, and seeing that they all know their jobs and that they all get along. When they don't, Lu the skipper must assume yet another role — Lu the arbitrator.

Fortunately, crew trouble is rare aboard the boats Lu delivers. One reason is that she now employs three regular crew, including husband Russell Irvine. Another is that she picks others carefully. "I'll take inexperienced people, but rarely will I take anyone right off the dock," says Lu. She keeps a file of people who write to her interested in delivery work.

Another problem delivery skippers often face is the condition of the boat when the skipper picks it up. "The owner will swear everything is fine and dandy, but as soon as you put to sea, the real condition comes out. 'Oh,' he will say, I didn't tell you about that little leak?" (which became a gusher while pounding up the Mexican coast). Or 'Oh yeah, I forgot to leave you any fuel filters.' (You can't buy that kind in Mexico.)" The

Doing the morning rounds on 'Paper Doll'.

delivery skipper must be resourceful at making a quick fix.

One time, Lu was taking *Whistler*, a Soverel 54, out of Long Beach Harbor channel with Jason James and his 70-year-old father aboard. The yacht had just come out of the yard, and about three miles out someone went below to make coffee and noticed

"I've never been out in anything over 70 knots. My husband says it's because I'm lucky. I say it's because I'm smart."

water pouring out from under the floorplates. In short order, the galley was awash.

"I felt sorry about it, but I really made that old guy work!" says Lu of that not-so-uneventful trip: "Pull up those floorboards!" "Take that handle and pump" It took three automatic bilge pumps and the manual pump to keep *Whistler* afloat until they could stop the leak — a centerboard inspection plate someone had forgotten to reinstall — and return to the yard.

By diligent monitoring of weather forecasts, Lu has managed to avoid heavy storms. "I've never been out in anything over 70 knots," she says, although she once pulled into Samoa the day after a hurricane raked the island with 120-knot winds. "My husband says it's because I'm lucky. I say it's because I'm smart."

Fred Harris, a delivery skipper who has known Lu since the 1978 Sorcery days, would probably side with the lady in that argument. "It's time people know that there

are good professional women skippers out there. Sure, sailing with them might take some getting used to. Instead of saying 'Hey, Jim, what do we do now?', it's kind of a switch to say, 'Hey, Lulu, what do I do now?' " One crewman paid her the high, if slightly backhanded compliment, "When I'm sailing with you, I forget you are a woman." And some men object to taking directions from a woman. "She knows what she's doing and that intimidates some crewmembers until they get to know her," Harris said.

(Fred also tells the story of Lu the racer who stayed at her nav station almost 24 hours a day during the SORC on *Mistress Quickly*, cat napping when she could. "I would sleep very well while she was on watch," he says.)

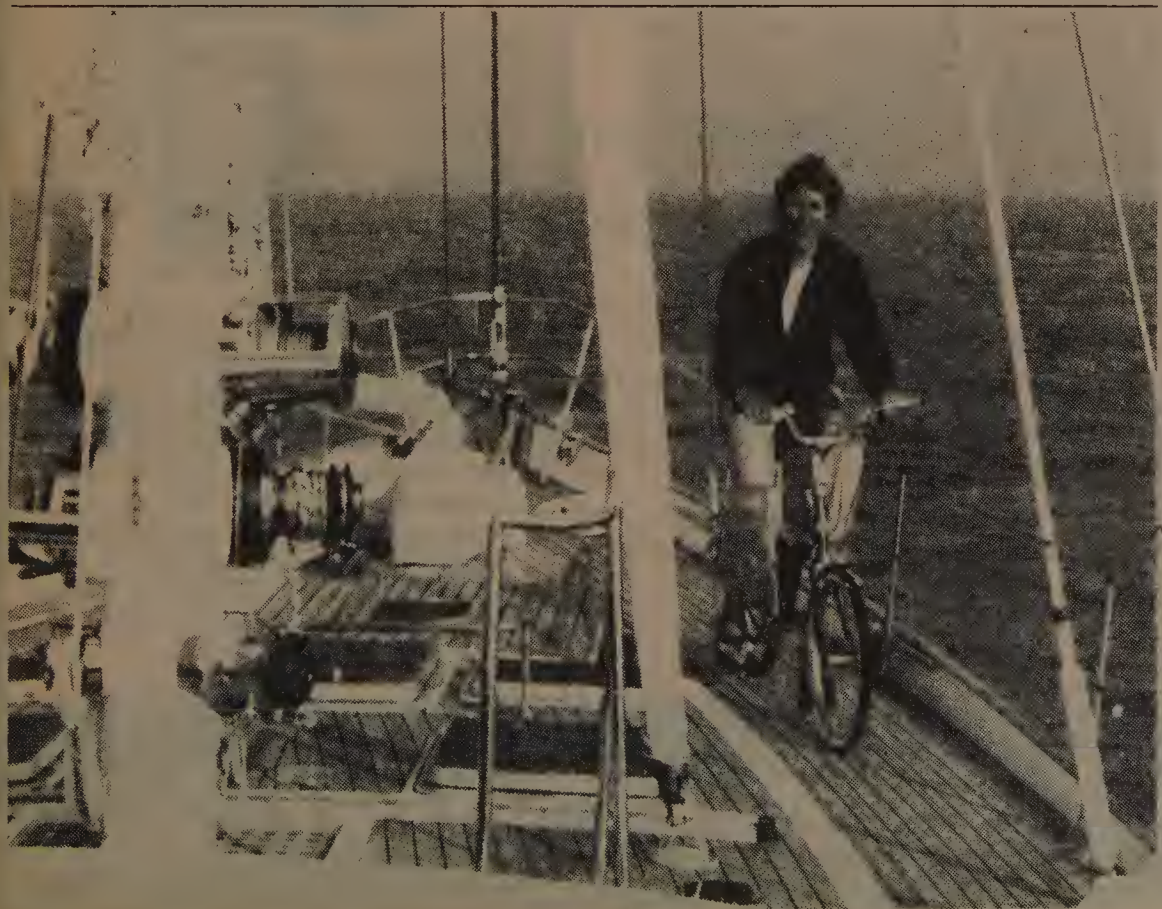
At this writing, Lu is in Mexico. Hubby Russ is running an 80-ft trawler and temporarily needed another experienced hand. "I asked for a ridiculous amount, thinking the owners wouldn't go for it," says Lu. "But they said 'okay', so I'm off to Cabo for a month."

After that, who knows? Lu has several bids out, including one to bring one of the sleds home from TransPac this July. Whatever comes along, though, Lu will once again have the satisfaction few of the rest of us will ever know of making a living doing exactly what she wants.

"I can't be tied down to a permanent job," she says. "This is the only thing I know how to do and I love it."

If that isn't success, what is?

— fran bioletti and latitude 34



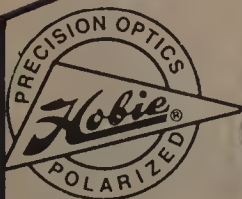
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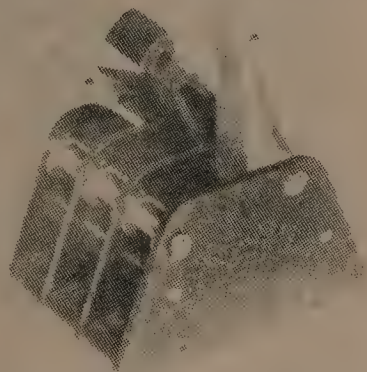
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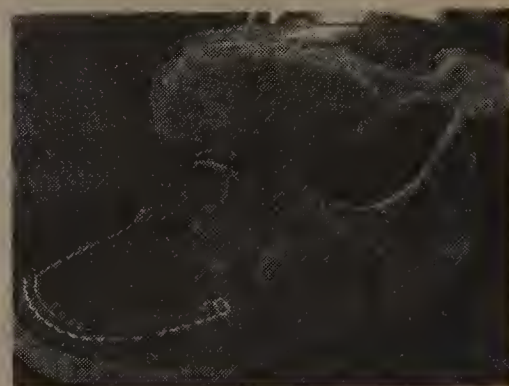
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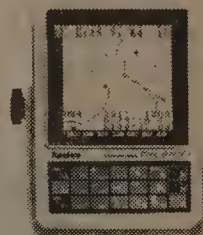
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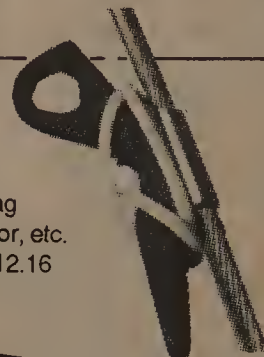
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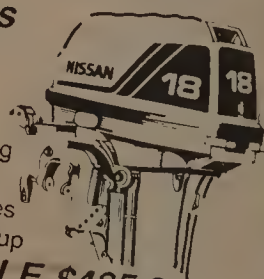
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CRUISING WITH KIDS:

I was happily directing potential buyers to the last of the hanging plants and picture frames. Within the week our family would be moved aboard *La Gitana*, our Formosa 46, and preparing her for an open-ended cruise into Mexico and the South Pacific! I was so excited about the prospect that I almost didn't notice my eight-year-old daughter standing in the middle of the family room, staring at the empty walls as if stunned. "I thought it was only a dream!" she said, then burst into tears.

It was "only a dream" — a dream-come-true for Dale and I; but, no doubt, it seemed more of a nightmare to our children, Christopher and Kelli, as they watched the bits and pieces of their lives being disassembled before their very eyes and hauled away by strangers. The fantasy we had been handfeeding them of sailing off to tropical islands where they could go swimming, diving and fishing every day was rapidly losing its influence. When tasted with the very bitter sacrifices that were being required of them, such fantasies did not seem so sweet.

Dale and I had spent many blissful hours convincing ourselves that what we would be offering the children in a life at sea would more than compensate for the things that they would be giving up. We thought of the wonderful experience they would have of traveling, the great cultural and environmental education, the challenges and opportunities for self-development and self-reliance, and simply the adventure of it all. It all sounded so good, so true, and yet — a

Wouldn't the lack
of space and
privacy release
hidden demons?

perverse thought kept plaguing me — perhaps too good to be true. I began to consider the darker side of life at sea.

Simply moving aboard and sailing off into the world was going to require some drastic changes in lifestyle quite apart from the ob-

vious benefits. The mere logistics of gathering the four corners of our large house and fitting it within the space the size of our din-



Then there were their social lives to consider. Our children never seemed so happy as when they had hordes of kids to play with.

All kids love the beach.

ing room alone required some creative mental maneuvering. Trying to envision some semblance of tranquility and order within such a jumble seemed beyond the stretch of my imagination. How could the four of us truly be happy living together in such close quarters? Wouldn't the lack of space and privacy release hidden demons within us that would reduce our cruising dream into a nightmare?

Even simple luxuries took on new ominous dimensions as I tried to mentally delete them from our lives. While it seemed we ought to be able to live happily-ever-after without the benefits of television, indoor showers and baths, and a washing machine — what if we couldn't? Who knew what trivial monkeywrench could throw the whole dream askew?

One of my secret fears was that we might all become extremely bored with our cruising life. I tried imagining day after day, week after week of nothing but bright skies, warm seas and white sand, and found the effort becoming tedious. After all, just how much swimming, fishing and snorkeling could one endure? Even heaven must have its boredom factor.

Most of my worries were centered on the children. Chief among these and certainly the one most on the minds of the grandparents was the question of safety. Were Dale and I being irresponsible in taking the kids off into the unknown danger that seemed integral in such long-distance cruising? Who knew what deadly storms or hurricanes, shark and appendicitis attacks, pirates or revolutionaries we would be exposing them to?

Surely it was grossly unfair of us to deprive them of their peers and of the opportunities and enjoyment that organized sports and recreations offered. Often, I would find myself closely watching my two children as they moved about their daily activities — the very activities of which we would soon be depriving them. Christopher, at eleven, was fully enmeshed in that preadolescent social scene of soccer and baseball, rock music and video-games. It was a life-style in which he felt quite comfortable, and even while Dale and I felt that the life we were offering him was better, the question remained: Would he think so, say ten years down the line? Or would he feel cheated of the normal activities of adolescence?

At eight years old, Kelli's life was so much simpler, and yet such simplicity seemed all the more wretched to deprive her: doll houses and baby cribs, roller skates and her first two-wheel bike, gymnastic classes and dance lessons. Was she a budding ballerina whose career was being cut to the quick? What other new talents and skills would be left unplumbed as we dragged her away from future softball games, piano lessons and Girl Scout activities? Really, just how much were we truly asking our children to give up in order to accommodate our dream?

Out of Kelli's tears that bright June morning, all of these questions and doubts came bubbling back to the surface, bringing into sharp focus the final analysis of our quan-

DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

dary: Would this cruising life that Dale and I so clearly envisioned reach in reality the expectation of our dreams; or would it fray somehow and wear thin under the wear and tear of everyday living, dissolving into the nightmare our children half-expected? The trouble was that we would never know until we had lived it. And it seemed to Dale and I that, regardless of the outcome, this life we so clearly envisioned seemed worth the effort and the risk. We had this singular opportunity to draw together as a family and pit our strengths, our skills, and our spirits against an unknown life and, just perhaps, come out the better for it. It was a chance we could not pass up.

So amid tears and protests, we moved aboard *La Gitana* where she lay patiently at her slip in Ventura, California. There Dale and I gave up the roomy aft cabin to the children with their collections of stuffed animals, Barbie dolls and Star War Empires. Then we settled back to await the inevitable bouts of tears and sulkiness that must accompany this new adjustment period in our lives.

But it never happened. Chris was too busy learning to sail our dinghy, while Kelli was totally enchanted with her new, tiny inflatable and was happily rowing off backwards to visit friends. Soon surfing became the favored pastime, and the children were heaving boards to heads and going off to explore the waves together. By the time January and our much-delayed departure date rolled around, the children had made new lives and new friends for themselves at the marina. But there were no tears at departing this time — they were as ready to head out as we were. Already they had learned that they could adapt to a new environment and make their own places in it, wherever that place might be.

This easy acceptance of and adjustment to the cruising life continued. We spent two delightful weeks at Catalina Island before heading farther south. Even in that short time, the children's sense of independence and self-reliance increased as they rowed themselves ashore each day to explore the little town of Avalon by themselves or took their places at the fishing dock among all the old-timers there. Chris became so adept at working the oars that he became the family's official rower. Whenever the four of us went



DEBORAH BRASKET

Christopher and Kelli Brasket land a fish for dinner.

to shore together, it was his strong back and broad smile that transported us there.

I'll never forget one twilight evening when Kelli offered to row the trash ashore, and, despite my doubts, Dale said she could handle it. I watched, transfixed, as my little eight-year-old daughter threw the large bag into our ten-foot Montgomery, untied the painter and shoved off, manning the heavy

wooden oars that I myself had trouble handling. She rowed, not backwards this time, but like a good seaman with her back to the future as the gathering twilight slowly hid her from view. Kelli won more than a bit of independence that day — she won my respect and admiration for she rowed far better than I.

By the time we reached Cabo San Lucas and rounded the tip of Baja into the Sea of Cortez, we had discovered that many of the more trivial concerns that, nonetheless,

CRUISING WITH KIDS:

loomed so large in our minds had completely disappeared.



DEBORAH BRASKET

Now it's hard to imagine why we once thought that lack of privacy or cramped quarters would become a problem. Our forty-six foot Formosa with its large center cockpit and forward and aft cabins has provided us with all the privacy and living space that we seem to need. We live as peaceably here as we did in our house and perhaps more so. Not only are our cramped quarters not a problem, but they have often proved a

Schoolwork is a challenge. Mom becomes the teacher.

the creative enterprise. And it is easy to supervise school lessons from the galley while in the midst of kneading sourdough or canning chicken. Then, when we do need that time to "be by ourselves", we've found that cooperation rather than space is the prime factor. And cooperation is readily available. Why we once thought otherwise seems a mystery now.

The simple luxuries of a daily shower, a washing machine and TV are no longer missed. While the privacy of a good, hot shower is still a luxury that we would readily welcome, we've found that it's only just that — a luxury, not a necessity. Its absence does not affect the quality of life or well-being in the least. Fresh water sponge baths and sea-bucket showers are enough to keep us feeling as fresh and clean as the humidity permits. Then, when we are in a port where fresh water is plentiful, nothing compares with a fresh-water sun shower during the heat of day or within the warm caress of a starry night.

I've discovered that washing laundry in buckets of salt water and rinsing them in a little fresh water keeps our clothes as clean and soft as they need to be. It is not the drudgery that I had anticipated. At the house, doing laundry for me was always a rather tedious task performed alone in the semi-gloom of our garage. Now I do the laundry in a bikini on the bow of the boat with the brilliant sunshine and wind refreshing my spirits while panoramic views of bush harbors or lovely anchorages enchant my mind. And never

am I alone. There is always Chris to haul up buckets of water for me, Dale to help rinse and wring, and Kelli to hang the clothes on the life lines.

The absence of TV has been one of our greatest blessings. It opened the fascinating world of books to our children who, until we began cruising, had scarcely looked at one. We were only a week into our cruise when Chris, quickly drying the last of the dishes so I could begin our nightly reading session of *The Hobbit*, exclaimed, "This beats watching TV any day!" And this from a boy who had suffered the cruelest deprivation of his life only months before when we cut the cable to MTV!

Since we've been cruising, I've ceased to worry about depriving the children of their involvement in organized sports and clubs. We've found that this life at sea provides ample opportunities for developing skills, independence and self-reliance that more than compensate for that lack. These cruising activities seem to be more holistic in scope, encompassing many aspects of a



DEBORAH BRASKET

Campfire on the beach in Mexico.

blessing. Now when the children bring the Legos out to the salon table to build spaceships, Dale or I are often drawn into



DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

single theme. Fishing, for example, has become a favored pastime for the children, but this passion involves far more than cast a line into the sea. Each child catches and salts down his own bait, rigs and cares for his own poles, then cleans and fillets his own catch. They both spend many enjoyable hours making lures out of feathers, bits of colored string, and other odds and ends. Chris, especially, actively seeks out and devours any articles or books on the sport of fishing that he can find, and he spends hours pouring through our charts and cruising guides, looking for the best fishing and diving spots. Our fish identification book has been worn to tatters by constant perusals. Now, whenever I am puzzled by the identify of an unfamiliar fish, I have only to describe it to the kids to find my answer. Even the children's artwork nowadays includes many finely detailed and colored drawings of the fish they admire.

Kids find life can go on without TV.

In cruising, we've found that many of the skills that the children learn provide as much practical use as they do play. Rowing, sailing, and working the outboard motor are not only fun but are the children's means of transportation to and from shore. Swimming, snorkeling, and diving provide excellent recreation as well as dinner. Chris has become quite proficient at hunting and spearing fish and lobster, often free-diving to thirty feet to stalk a grouper or free an anchor. Kelli, too, is learning to spear fish. But even her snorkeling and diving produces clams and scallops for supper, as well as a myriad of pretty shells for creating jewelry.

A cruising life does provide less opportunity for the children to play with their own peers, but even this lack does have its compensations. The children have been forced to seek companionship in unexpected places, including each other. Their many expeditions to shore to explore the beaches and towns together has fostered a growing sense of responsibility, cooperation, protec-



DEBORAH BRASKET

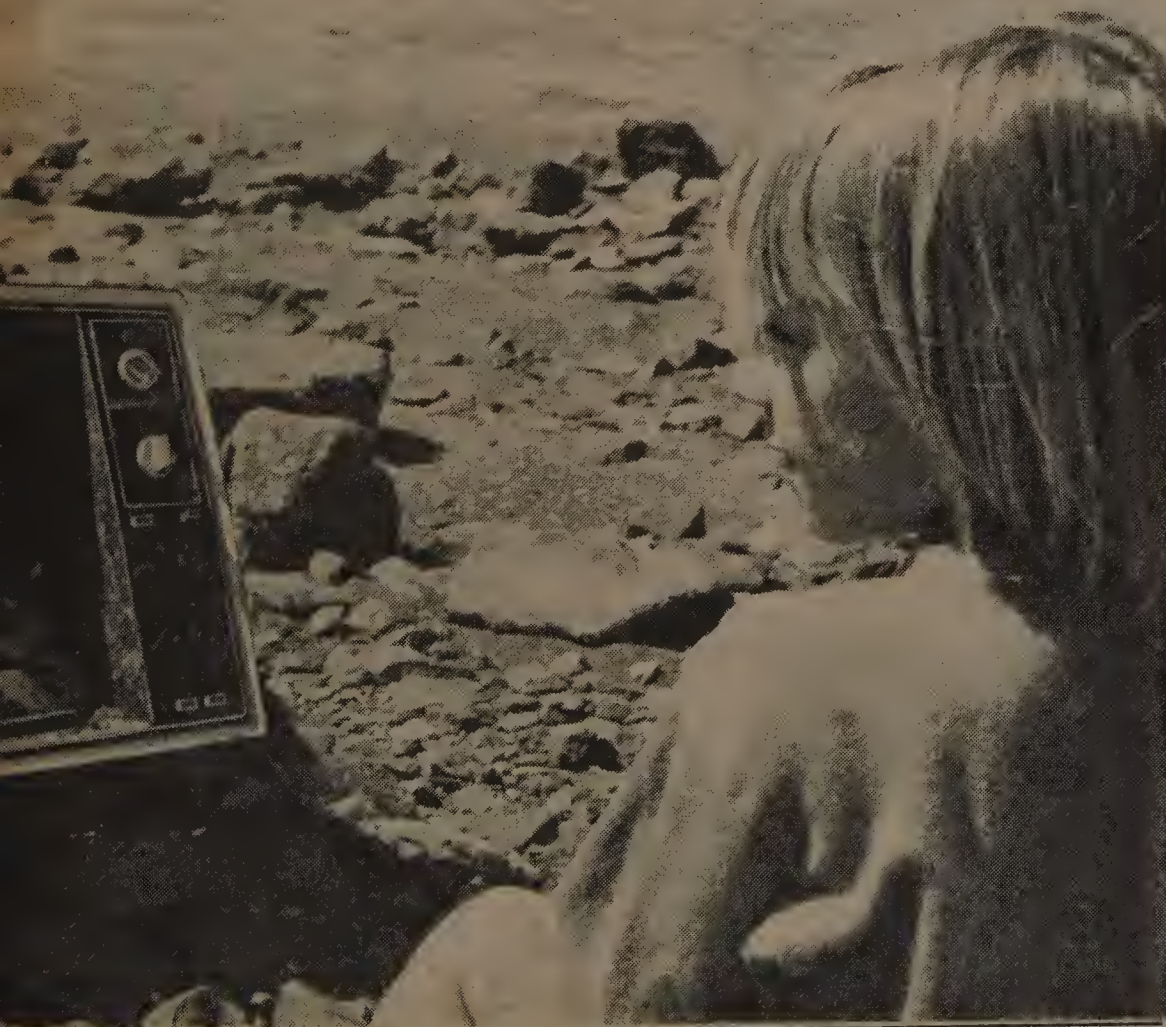
Christopher and Kelli left their Bellflower home, lived aboard 'La Gitana' in Ventura, then set out for the South Seas.

tiveness and consideration between the two. It is often commented on how close they seem to be — comments rarely merited in the highly separate lives they led ashore.

In addition, both children have become quite adept at striking up friendships with many of the adults they meet. These adults have included not only other cruisers or vacationing Americans, but many of the local Mexicans as well. Some of these friendships have become very special and lasting, while others have led to some unique experiences. The children's increasing command of Spanish has allowed them to become

The children have been forced to seek companionship with each other.

friends with many of the Mexican shopkeepers and fishermen. In the process, they have waited on tables, made signs in English, and helped out their friends in other small ways, as well as enjoyed several tours of local commercial fishing boats. One



CRUISING WITH KIDS: DREAM OR NIGHTMARE?

special friendship with a young American couple working down here led Chris to work and pay for his own diving instructions, allowing him to become a certified scuba diver at the age of twelve.

When the kids do happen to come into contact with other cruising children, these friendships tend to be swift and deep, bonded as they are by their shared, unique experiences. They are learning that friendships need not be limited to one's own peer group or even to one's own nationality but are to be nurtured and savored wherever they are found.

One of the very special aspects of cruising has been the increased opportunities it provides for children and parents to play together. The few bouts with boredom aboard our boat have only led to the discovery and sometimes rediscovery of enjoyable pursuits. I've discovered the joys of sewing, an activity I had formerly shunned, when Kelli and I began to design and hand-sew doll's clothes. Dale, after a lifetime of avoiding most games and cards of any sort, now enthusiastically plays both with his family. The children's love of drawing has caused me to rediscover my own love for it and Dale to discover it for the first time. Most notable, I believe, is the rediscovery of the child within the adult, as Dale and I find an increasing sense of whimsy and nonsense pervading *La Gitana*.

It is not only the play and pleasures, however, that are shared aboard a cruising boat, but the work, the responsibilities, and the learning as well. Aboard *La Gitana*, all of the water and fuel hauling, the grocery shopping, the laundering and cooking, mending and sewing, and the bottom cleaning are joint activities, shared by all to some degree. Chris and Kelli are a great help when it comes to sailing the boat. They handle much of the foredeck work as well as all of the anchoring now.

School, however, is our most challenging responsibility. I have been very pleased with the quality and content of the Calvert correspondence lessons, but it has taken some time for all of us to adjust to the children-as-pupils and mother-as-teacher relationship. Having taught school a bit in the past, I had no qualms about teaching my own children. I have since discovered that there is an emotional bond, or perhaps tension, between mothers and their children that does not exist in the normal classroom

DEBORAH BRASKET



Cruising kids make friends quickly wherever they go.

and does not facilitate the learning process. It seems to make the "goofing off" and the squabbling, the stricter expectations and shorter tempers all the more prevalent. The children somehow feel much freer to criticize their own mother's teaching standards and techniques than they ever did their former teachers. I, in turn, find my own children's sloppy work habits and inattentiveness much more exasperating than I did with my former students. Even normal shipboard activities seem to confound our best efforts as Dale tears apart the salon looking for some tool while working on one of his own projects, or friendly neighbors row by for a chat.

Underway there is always a herd of dolphin, a caught fish or a call to tack to upset our lessons. And yet, I keep reminding myself, isn't this what we imagined cruising to be all about — pitting ourselves against the unknown challenges in the world, in each other, and in ourselves, grappling with it and coming out the better? And so, we've grappled with our schooling these past two years, and, in fact, have seemed to have made some progress. School is now a much more orderly process. The disruptions still occur, but I'm learning when to be firm and when to be flexible. The children are learning to accept my standards, and I'm learning to handle the highs and lows of teaching with more equilibrium. The satisfaction of personally supervising their studies and watching each child acquire new skills and concepts now outweighs the times of temper

and frustration. Dale and I feel more than ever that the children are receiving a more comprehensive and individualized education than they would have received ashore. It's a learning experience shared by all.

We have been cruising aboard *La Gitana* in Mexico and the South Pacific for over three years now, and I still wouldn't trade this life for any other. Not all of it has been easy or pleasant, and there are always risks. I haven't mentioned the time our drinking water turned a gunky brown and all of us were laid sick flat on our backs for a week, or the time I set the kid's bunk cushions ablaze trying to dry them with the portable heater, or the time a sixty-ton schooner drug loose and came hurtling down on us one wild, stormy night . . . And there have been other times like these, but what life is without them?

To me, one of the magical things about cruising is this meshing of the ordinary with the extraordinary, the dreadful with the delightful. This life, we've discovered, is not an extended vacation, an action-packed adventure, nor an escape from reality. It's neither dream nor nightmare but simply a way of life — of living from day to day — that we find very satisfying. The doubts that once plagued me have now been thoroughly tested and dispelled — at least for the time being. I've learned that this life can be all of the things that we dreamed it to be, and more, and sometimes less. In fact, it's a wonderful life; but this one, like any other, has its great unknown — and that's the magic of it.

— deborah brasket

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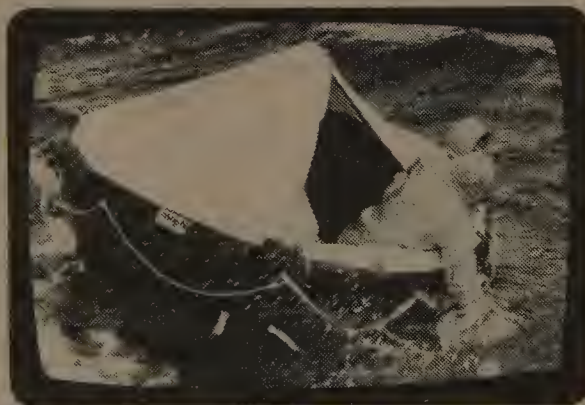
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SAILOR OF THE DECADE:

1977

1978

1979

1980

1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

We've been publishing *Latitude* for a little over ten years now, which means it's only appropriate that we identify a 'Sailor of the Decade'.

Ideally, this individual would have made great contributions to the sport not only as a sailor, but as a designer, builder, and a shaper of opinion.

As unlikely as it seems, there is just such an individual who fits the bill. A person whose achievements as a sailor span the decade; a visionary designer whose influence is appreciated now more than ever; a prolific builder of boats ranging in size and variety; an energetic iconoclast who has been instrumental in revising the way the west coast and much of the world enjoys sailing. And in the process, he's pushed for and to some extent has been successful in trying to make sailing an activity that includes those traditional nautical orphans, women and youngsters.

As far as *Latitude* is concerned, there is only one possible choice for 'Sailor of the Decade', nobody else comes close. That person is ...

BILL LEE

Bill Lee's hilltop boatyard in Soquel is one of the most unusual yacht building facilities anywhere. The 'factory', which has produced many of the fastest yachts ever to part the Pacific waters, used to be a chicken coop. The 200-foot long, low ceiling structure is the birthplace of the legendary *Merlin*, the 68-foot sloop that over the past decade broke most of the existing elapsed time records for races on the west coast of California and Mexico as well as both the Los Angeles to Honolulu and San Francisco to Kauai TransPac's. Currently the coop is hatching Santa Cruz 70's, Lee's second generation maxi sleds, four of which are slated to compete in July 2nd's TransPac to Honolulu.

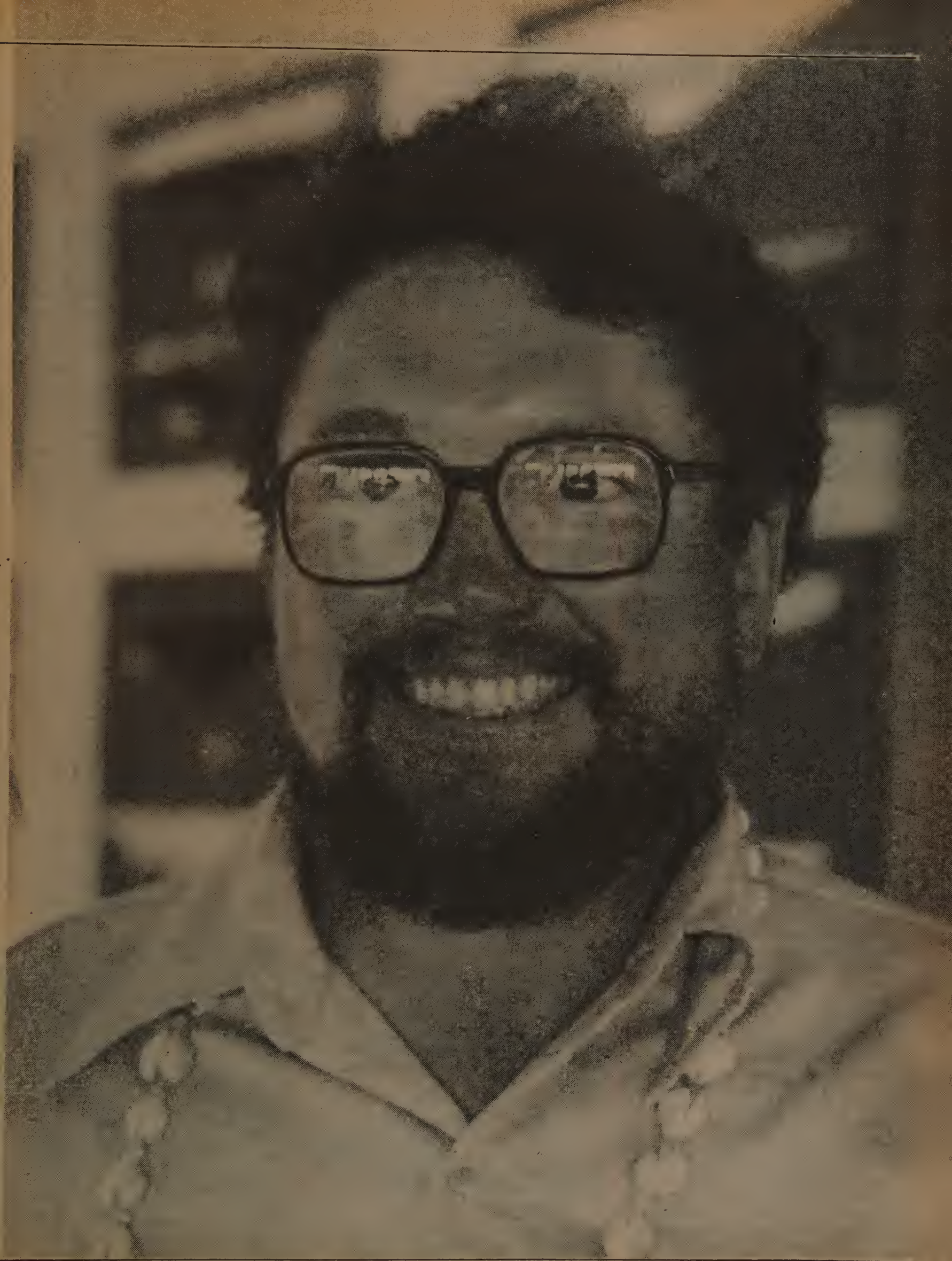
Next to the coop is a trailer office nestled

under a grove of trees. A few yards down the hill, which features a panoramic view of the Santa Cruz coastline and the blue Pacific beyond, is a similar structure. Formerly a milking shed, it now houses the welding operation for fabricating lightweight yacht parts. It also shelters a land-sailer that hasn't seen much action in recent years, as well as a covered-up 1930 Rolls Royce with *Merlin 1* license plates.

This compound is the domain of Bill Lee, who at just 44 remains the premiere boat-builder/designer/sailor/guru of the "Fast is

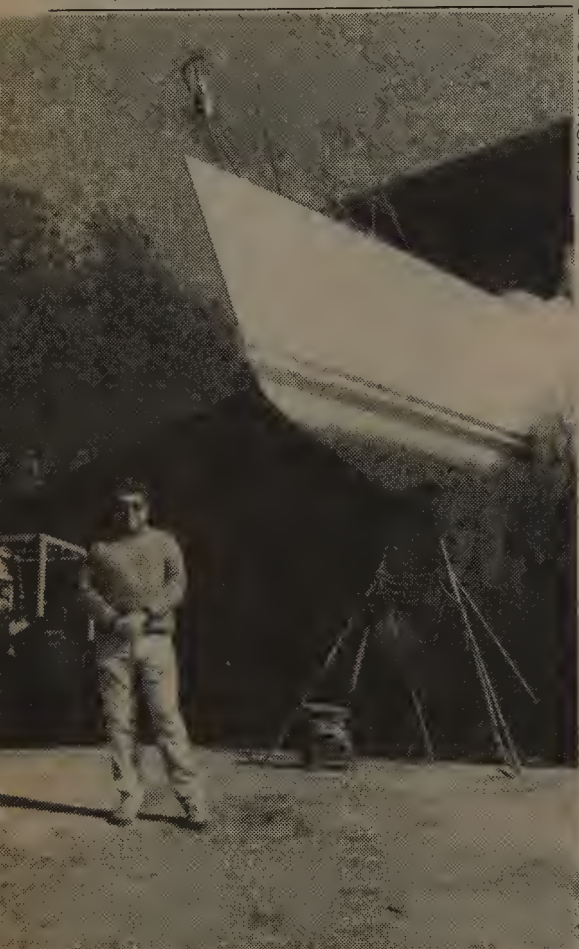
Fun" school of thinking. For the past 17 years, this bearded, bespectacled bohemian with a penchant for red socks, red sweaters and dockside parties has conceived and built sailboats that have proven to not only be extremely fast, but seaworthy, too. The impact of his efforts have spread like ripples in a pond, from Santa Cruz to San Francisco Bay to Southern California, to the rest of the sailing world.

It would be incorrect to suggest that Lee was the only godfather of the California ultralight movement. In the early 70's Santa Cruz was a hotbed of radical sailboat design, with both amateurs and professionals probing the outer limits of light displacement sailboat design and construction. There was plenty of co-mingling of ideas and construc-



SAILOR OF THE DECADE:

tion techniques with such familiar names as Ron Moore and George Olson. There were other, lesser-known co-conspirators, too.



Another Santa Cruz 70 being hatched in the old chicken coop.

Some of the more radical efforts went too far and tragically lives were lost. And some of the early boats were crude. But by the middle 70's trial and error had yielded some excellent boats and the Santa Cruz region had earned a well-deserved reputation for simple but superbly crafted boats.

The shy Olson, the localist Moore and the later-arriving Terry Alsberg of Express boats, however, never achieved the personal aura of Bill Lee. For Lee is a unique mixture of seeming opposites. He's both party animal and egghead scientist; a difficult interview who enjoys wearing a magician's garb and being the center of attention; a light displacement evangelist yet a successful entrepreneur. With his thick glasses and odd twang in his voice, he's the last person you'd expect to revolutionize the yachting set or prosper with one of the oldest and most active sailboat-building concerns in California.

Steve Taft of North Sails characterizes Lee this way: "Bill's never been the basic establishment boatbuilder or yacht club type. He's always done things a little different, marched to a different drummer. For a long

time he was seen as a rebel and that worked against him. But things have changed. He's got such a record of success that people look up to him more than ever. Now, he's even seen as something of a Mr. Conservative within light boats."

A former employee and crewmate said: "He may be unusual in some ways, but he's great to work with and for. He's very genuine and honest, especially in his business associations." Indeed, long the biggest concern in Santa Cruz area boatbuilding, Lee is known for having assisted and encouraged some fledgling boatbuilders who could eventually have become his primary competitors.

Trained as an engineer at Cal Poly, Bill came to Santa Cruz in 1968 to work for Sylvania. That didn't last long, and he started messing around with boats. The 505 World Championships on Monterey Bay in 1970 set off sparks in the local boatbuilding community. Bill, George Olson and Ron Moore followed the ultralight, planing, 505 path but on a grander scale.

Lee's first real boat was *Magic*, a 30-ft version of a 505, after which came the 35-foot *Witchcraft*, which was cruised through the South Pacific. Then there were the TransPac racers *Panache*, a 40-footer, and *Chutzpah*, a 35-footer. To the extreme consternation of the yachting establishment, *Chutzpah* took corrected-time honors in the TransPac twice, in 1973 and 1975. Despite the success of these boats, there were few other owners and builders who jumped on the ultralight bandwagon. Many were skeptical of the light boat concept and IOR and racer/cruisers were still king.

Lee had sailed *Panache* in both the '73 and '75 TransPac's, where he learned that one of the most enjoyable aspects of the experience was the post-race parties at the Ala Wai. No matter if you arrived at 0200 or 1400, volunteer Hawaiian hosts were sure to be there with gallons of mai-tais and beer and lavish spreads of mouth-watering edibles for their ocean warriors. And naturally everybody was welcomed to everybody else's post-race party. Bill's only regret in sailing *Panache* was that he'd missed the parties of the boats — although there weren't many — that had finished ahead of him.

The only remedy was a longer, faster boat.

Bill acknowledges that he first came up with the idea for his next boat, the radical *Merlin*, way back in November of 1973. He

had raced *Panache*, a wide, shallow ultralight, to La Paz where the narrow, hard-chined Spencer 62, *Ragtime* was already at anchor. After seeing the boat Bill thought to himself: "Hey, that's neat, but we ought to build a modern version, one that's longer, has more beam for stability and a rounded bottom." Resources for such a project, however, wouldn't be available for several years.

In fact it wasn't until 1977, four years later, that Bill's 'get-me-to-Honolulu-in-time-for-all-the-TransPac-parties' fantasy boat was nearing reality. He was building it for himself on a shoestring, and without benefit of all the exotic materials available today. It was a ballsy gamble, because Lee was building an ultralight on a scale that had never been attempted with such materials before.

Word of the outrageous 68-ft sled that would displace just 23,000 pounds spread up and down the coast, attracting the attention of Harry Moloshco of Southern California. Moloshco, looking for more attention



than is usually afforded a manufacturer of cardboard boxes, approached Lee with an offer to buy *Merlin*. But Lee, who was probably gambling his company on his fantasy boat, said *Merlin* wouldn't be for sale until after the TransPac. Rebuffed, Moloscho returned to Southern California where he quickly had a very similar ultralight rushed to completion.

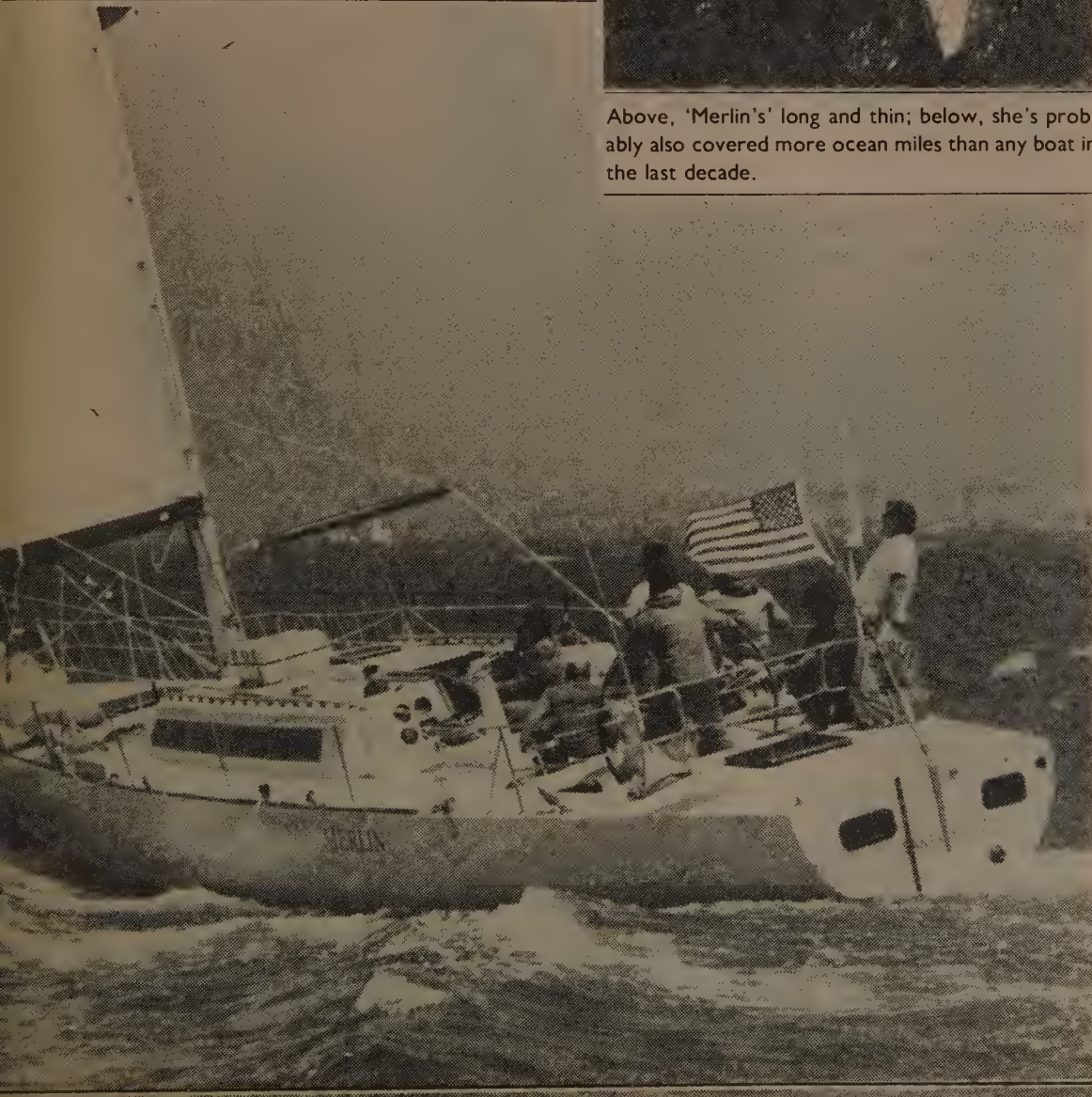
After *Merlin* was launched at Moss Landing (a photograph of the event appeared in Volume 1 of *Latitude 38*) word of the boat's tremendous speed potential spread throughout Monterey Bay.

"*Merlin* was a special boat from the beginning," says Dave Wahle, who signed on as one of the eight crewmembers for the historic 1977 TransPac. "We knew that records would be broken."

Before the July TransPac, though, Bill put his baby through some sea trials. After sailing the Ano Nuevo Race and the Dan-



Above, 'Merlin's' long and thin; below, she's probably also covered more ocean miles than any boat in the last decade.



forth series with a crew, he decided to do the first-ever Singlehanded Farallones Race. More than a few salty veterans thought the idea of such a race foolhardy in most boats and downright suicidal on a 68-footer. But Bill was excited to try everything.

And he got everything. Even though the fleet was nearly becalmed on a glassy Bay near the Alcatraz starting line, by 0900 it was already blowing 25 knots outside the Gate with the wind and seas still building. By the afternoon it was blowing a solid 40 to 45 knots, scattering the 70 boat fleet all over the approaches to the Gate and giving the Coast Guard rescue boats all they could handle.

Starting in very light winds with just a #4 and a double-reefed main, Bill and *Merlin* trailed a couple of multihulls out the Gate. But they soon overtook the other boats and dished out the ultimate horizon job. It took both belief in his design and construction and a lot of courage for Lee not to bail out of such a rough race when singlehanded such a radical and untried big boat. Although Lee later conceded, "I realized I was never going to be Eric Taberly" (the famous French singlehander), he persisted in those most adverse of conditions.

The ride back from the Farallones was exhilarating to say the least.

One of Lee's conditions of entering the race was that a helper be ready to hop aboard and help take down sails at the 5th Avenue finish line in the Estuary. That job fell to the publisher of *Latitude 38*. After the sails were stowed and the boat put away, Bill and his helper sat down at the nav station where Bill did a few time and distance calculations. Singlehanded, he'd covered the first 28 miles back from the Farallones in just two hours. That meant he'd averaged 14 knots carrying just a double-reefed mainsail and a #4!

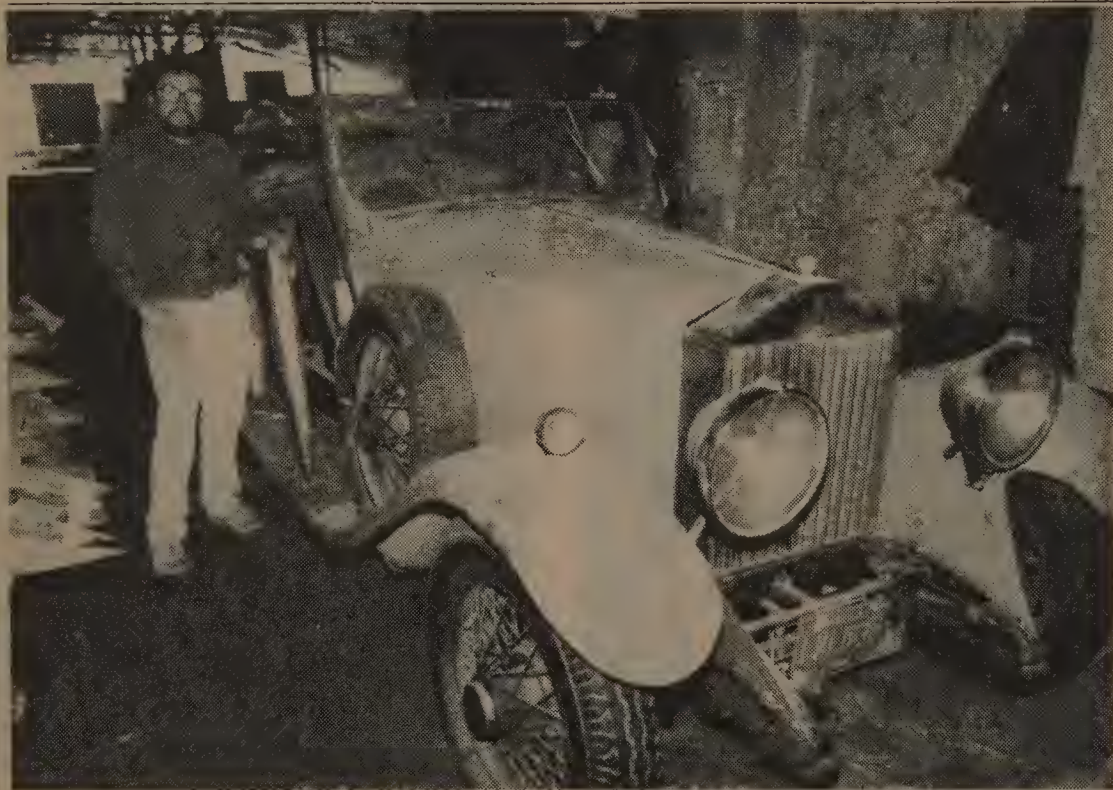
The race had proved two things prior to the start of the TransPac; *Merlin* was very fast, and she could take heavy wind and seas.

Merlin has always had an aura of magic about her, but never was her name more appropriate than during in the 1977 TransPac. For in that race everything gelled in an almost fairy-tale fashion. The 34-year-old iconoclast, sailing the radical dream boat he designed and built, with a home grown Santa Cruz crew, got the consistent winds necessary to smash *Windward Passage's* old course record by a remarkable 22 hours. And in the process he nipped the man that would have purchased his dream. Moloscho and *Drifter* finished 15 minutes after *Merlin* in perhaps what has been the most exciting TransPac finish ever.

SAILOR OF THE DECADE:

Ten years later, *Merlin's* elapsed time record still stands.

The race had been an eye-opening ex-



SHIMON VAN COLLIE

Sharing the coop with boats under construction is the Rolls-Royce Bill's restoring.

perience for the skipper and crew. For almost 8.5 days the long, low sloop literally charged across the Pacific, often submerging the bow through the waves in front of it.

"It was like riding in a planing motorboat," recalls Dave Wahle, "with a constant bam, bam, bam vibration. I brought along a paperback copy of *Shogun* to read, but it was too hard to keep steady. I eventually ripped the book in half so I could focus on the print!"

Harvey Kilpatrick, the chef and social director, adds that sailing so fast was a totally new experience for everyone onboard. "It was like driving down Highway 101 at night in the middle of a rainstorm with no headlights," he says.

The finish was something special, too. The drama had been long abuilding, for midway into the race it was clear that barring a complete disaster a new record would be established. But who would set it, the Magician or the cardboard box king who tried to buy the dream?

When *Merlin* pulled into TransPac row to the wild greetings of a tumultuous crowd, Bill was decked out in his star-covered magician's robes and hat, as un-yachtsman like apparel as could be found. But it was new, different, magical and a hit! The party raged on and on; in fact there hasn't been a TransPac party that's come close to touching it since.

And thus the legend of *Merlin* was born, with the TransPac becoming her personal showcase for the next six years. True, in 1979 she was beaten by *Drifter* for first-to-finish honors, but it had been one of the slowest races in history. In 1981 Nick Frazee's chartered *Merlin* and missed breaking her own record by just 44 seconds — after 2,200 miles of racing. Frazee professed not to be disappointed, but later said he'd never do another TransPac on a normal displacement boat again. He later built the ultralight *Swiftsure III* and finished first in the last TransPac.

Of course *Merlin* wasn't limiting herself to just the TransPac. She was setting new records in Vic-to-Maui races, Mexico races, and competitions all up and down the west coast. She's been the elapsed time victor in all of the San Francisco to Kauai Pacific Cups as well.

Having chartered the boat out, Bill has missed those later TransPac rides on *Merlin*. He didn't miss the welcoming parties, however, flying over to Honolulu to greet the fleet as they tied up in the Ala Wai harbor. We vividly remember one year when Bill was driving the humanity-covered *Merlin* up and down the harbor after the race and one of the race committee people got on the public address system and pleaded: "Bill! Bill! We've got to get organized." To which Lee shouted the response, "I didn't come

here to get organized, I came here to party!"

Bill also came to later TransPac finishes to check out his newest creations, the Santa Cruz 33's, 40's, and 50's, all smaller versions of *Merlin* with the distinctive squared off stern, boxy cabin house and clean, light interior. By 1983, TransPac Row at the Ala Wai was beginning to look like a Bill Lee boat yard. Sixteen of the 66-boat fleet were his creations. Many others were obvious derivations.

As often as *Merlin* was chartered, she did spend some time back in Santa Cruz. But even there she was busy, as Bill frequently took her out on daysails and on the famous Wednesday night beer races. He made it a practice to invite loads of people out for a ride; young, old, women, kids, friends of strangers — people who would obviously never buy one of his boats. But he wanted them all to share a bit of the magic. His message was clear; sailing was something to be enjoyed by everyone, not just a select few.



mark the 10th anniversary of Norton Smith's establishing the monohull elapsed time record in the Singlehanded TransPac with

During the fun sails, Bill, a diet soda in one hand, would preside over the crew, cracking one-liners and making recommendations for sail selection. He has no idea how many people were his guests during the five years he owned *Merlin* (he sold it to Sunnyvale's Donn Champion in 1982), but he knows they were rides few people will ever forget. "I wish we'd kept a log book," he now says wistfully.

Bill's inclusion of women was no happenstance. "I think women should be more involved in sailing," he says. "They're good sailors and they enjoy it." Bill fondly recalls *Merlin*'s record run to Manzanillo in 1978 when the eight person crew included two women. When *Blondie* won the Big Boat Series in 1985, she was mostly crewed by couples. Ultralights, it could be said, are women-friendly because they require less sail area and hence less brute force to trim

So far, 28 Santa Cruz 50's have been built. Lee figures with the change in rating maybe another 10 or 12 will sell.

Bill's message was clear:
Sailing was something to be enjoyed
by everyone, not just a select few.

and grind.

In addition to his work as an innovative designer, Bill also managed to run a specialty boatbuilding business during a decade when many such outfits went to the bottom.

Numerically, the Santa Cruz 27 was Bill's most successful production boat, topping out at 150 units built and sold in the mid-1970's. Santa Cruz 27's are still extremely popular on Monterey Bay; well-known for their fingertip control when surfing. Next year will

his Santa Cruz 27, *Solitaire*. Like *Merlin*'s Honolulu record, it's yet to be beaten.

After the Santa Cruz 27's and *Merlin* came 15 Santa Cruz 33's, 15 Santa Cruz 40's, and the Santa Cruz 50's.

Of these, the Santa Cruz 50, of which an astounding 28 have been built, has been the most successful. Twice in the last five years the 50's have raced one-design in the St. Francis Big Boat Series. Class B in the TransPac is virtually Santa Cruz 50 one-design racing. Over the years there have been many distance races when several 50's have crossed the finish line overlapped.

While always popular, the Santa Cruz 50's seem to be enjoying something of a revival, being excellent sleds for races to Hawaii, Mexico, Catalina, Ensenada, Santa Cruz and other downwind destinations. Several 50's are even in charter service in Maui, and Hal Roth just completed the Singlehanded Around the World Race in another.

Current production at the former chicken coop factory is devoted to the Santa Cruz 70's. The sixth, *Hotel California* was launched not too long ago, and participated in the Cal Cup sled wars Memorial Day Weekend. Right now Santa Cruz 70 #7, *Mongoose II*, is being built for Northern Californian Paul Simonson, who like some other 70 buyers owned a Santa Cruz 50 when he ordered his big boat. Simonsen's boat should be ready in August for the St. Francis Big Boat Series.

Bill sailed the first SC 70, *Blondie*, in the 1985 TransPac, but what proved to be a tactical mistake left them behind an avalanche of Nelson/Marek 68's. The loss was avenged in the Long Beach to Cabo Race two years ago, when *Blondie*, with Bill and his wife Lu as last minute crewmembers, smashed the old course record, and took first-to-finish, and corrected time honors in class and fleet. Bill will be racing the TransPac on *Hotel California* this year, in an attempt to make amends for the last one.

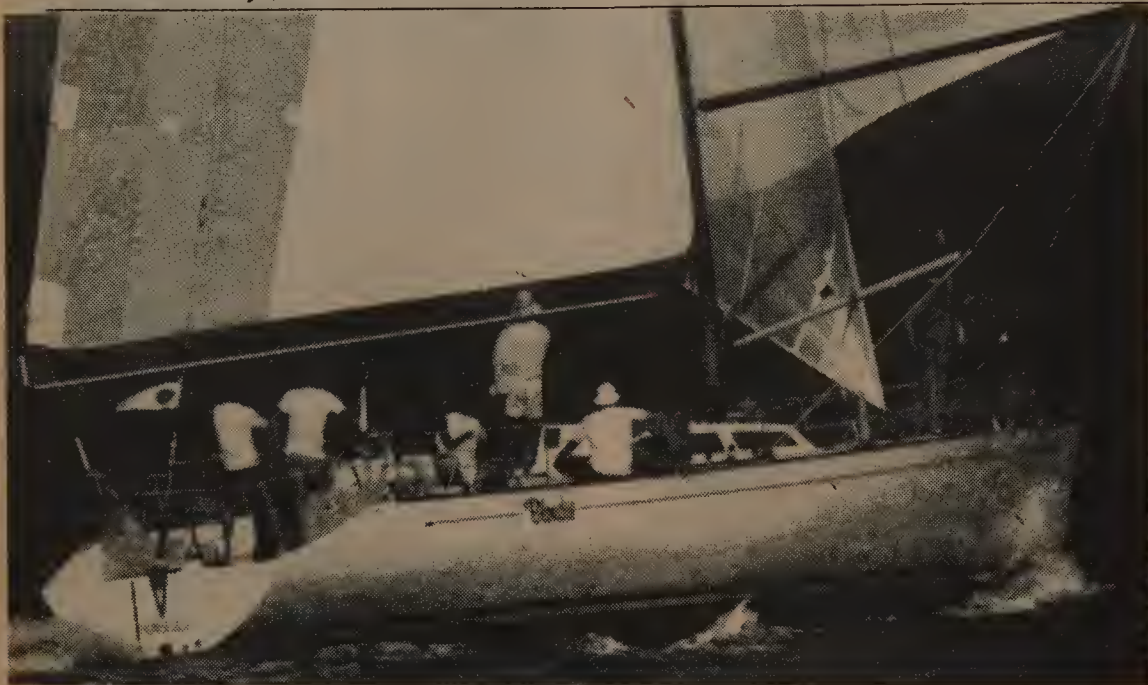
Bill's business acumen and reputation for delivering a quality product are well known



LATITUDE/RICHARD

SAILOR OF THE DECADE:

in the sailing world. Most of his yachts are finished on time, a minor miracle in itself. As sailmaker Taft says, "I've dealt with a lot of



LATITUDE/RICHARD

A tactical decision put the Santa Cruz 70 'Blondie' out of the running in the last TransPac. Lee will try again on 'Hotel California' this July.

boatbuilder's, and Bill is the only one I know who consistently gets his boats completed on schedule."

Those that are a little late are still done right rather than being slapped together. "We don't promise the moon," says Bill, "and we hit most of the dates we're supposed to. Olaf Harken (of Wisconsin's Harken Brothers, boat builders and block makers) once told me that if a boat is two weeks late, the owner will be pissed for two weeks. If it's on time but screwed up, the owner will be mad at you forever!"

In predictably atypical fashion, Bill never offered his boats through dealerships. "We don't make that many boats," he explains. He tried offering the SC 27 to dealers, but the boat's popularity was tailing off at the time and the plan never took off. Since then the most popular boat has been the SC 50, which offers the thrill of maxi-ULDB sailing and proven quality without the maxi price tag. Bill expects even more interest in the boat now that the International Offshore Rule (IOR) has granted the design two feet of old age allowance and two more for other rule changes. "I think we'll have enough interest to do ten or twelve more," he speculates.

Bill's differences with the IOR have been well publicized. He's long decried — although in a more conciliatory tone than in previous years — the way the IOR has

created "funny" boats with bumps and distorted hull shapes that sacrifice speed for rating benefits. "I don't think the fathers of the IOR saw the modern One Ton as a result of their efforts," he explains. Lee feels that the new International Measurement System (IMS) has the potential to encourage less single-purpose boats than did the IOR.

Merlin was built to go through the water quickly with noble disregard for the IOR rule and other measurement systems. When the TransPac Race Committee placed an upper rating limit of 70.0 on all entries, the speedster suffered heavily and has had to compete in a severely truncated form since 1983. Bill has since devoted tremendous energy to understanding the IOR rule, and while while he hasn't drastically changed his boats to conform to it, he knows exactly how to get the biggest bang for the buck optimizing them in that direction.

"Bill is a researcher," explains Harvey Kilpatrick, who became a close friend of Lee's after the 1977 TransPac on *Merlin*. "He's not afraid to say he doesn't understand and ask for more information. He didn't understand the IOR ten years ago, but now he's writing letters to the TransPac Race Committee advising them about the rules."

Once at loggerheads with the TransPac Committee, time and serendipity and seemed to smooth out that relationship. The serendipitous occurrence was the setting of a top limit of 70.0 IOR on TransPac entries. Certainly this was a smack in the face to *Merlin*, but suddenly maxi boat buyers no longer faced the uncertainty of keeping up with competitors who might keep building

longer and lighter boats. The stabilizing influence of the maximum IOR limit led directly to the success of the Santa Cruz 70's and the Nelson-Marek 68's. The rating limit turned out to be good for both business and the TransPac.

Easily recognizable, Bill enjoys great popularity in the Santa Cruz community. Strangers walk up to him to shake his hand when he goes out to lunch. Three years ago he was elected to serve on the Port Commission, and he's been a key player in dealing with the shoaling problem at the Small Boat Harbor. Bill ran on a platform of keeping the harbor open year round, and his inclusion on the commission swung the tide in favor of getting their own dredge rather than relying on the federal government. For the first time in almost 30 years, Santa Cruz now has a



year-round harbor (although Bill points out that a big storm could dump enough sand to close it within 24 hours).

Santa Cruz has been mentioned as a possible site for the 1990 America's Cup. The Canadian and Chicago syndicates practiced there last spring and found the Monterey Bay waters great for 12 Meter sailing. Bill's already been talking to others on the Port Commission and in town about what would have to be done to make that happen. "You'd need about half an acre to handle each boat and their support facilities," he says with an engineer's training. "For twenty boats that would mean ten acres of undeveloped waterfront land. We've got some places around here that might work. It would be great to host the

Lee believes that everyone should enjoy the magic of fast sailing.

America's Cup!" Some might be surprised to learn that Bill's already built meter boats; he built *St. Francis VII*, the Six Meter that the St. Francis YC used to thrash the Aussies.

The thought of Bill Lee involved with 12 Meters, the ultimate heavy displacement boats (each 67-footer weighs three times as much as *Merlin*), rattles the brain. But he has that overview of the sport to appreciate what's next and what will be hot. The television coverage of the recent America's Cup, for example, was a tremendous breakthrough for sponsorship, he says. He would like to see a change in the boats, however. A 60-foot monohull with few limits to design and construction would be his choice. "They should have pedestal winches and trapezes to intrigue the viewers," he says. "And they will be required to carry six video cameras from the mast to the stern. You need the pictures!" Dennis Conner are you listening?

Other areas of the sport that excite Bill are windsurfing and Formula 40 catamarans. "You would think that the world was out of



JOHN T. MCCARTHY

Lee in the renowned magician's costume he sports for important occasions — like new TransPac records.

things to invent," he says, "and now look at windsurfing. It's a breakthrough sport. There are no doubt other things that we haven't thought of yet either." The Formula 40's are popular in Europe right now, and they are drawing large sponsorship dollars. Bill hopes they catch on here too, allowing the professionals a forum to really strut their stuff. At the same time he doesn't want to see the pros damage club racing, which is where most sailors take part.

Whether Bill Lee, with his inquisitive mind and his ability to make things happen, can influence these areas in the next ten years as much as he has impacted ocean racing and ultralight designs in the previous ten remains to be seen. He certainly has made a mark, both locally and in the sailing world. His boats combine revolutionary design and exceptional craftsmanship. He has helped put Santa Cruz on the map as a major center for the development of the sport. Hundreds, if not thousands, of sailors have come to not only understand, but espouse, his sailing philosophy. Fast really is fun, and men, women and youngsters have Bill Lee to thank for making that so obvious and available.

For his contributions as a designer, builder, sailor, and custodian of the sport, Bill Lee is *Latitude's* runaway choice for Sailor of the Decade.

— shimon van collie & latitude



LATITUDE/RICHARD

SLED WARS: 1987 CAL CUP

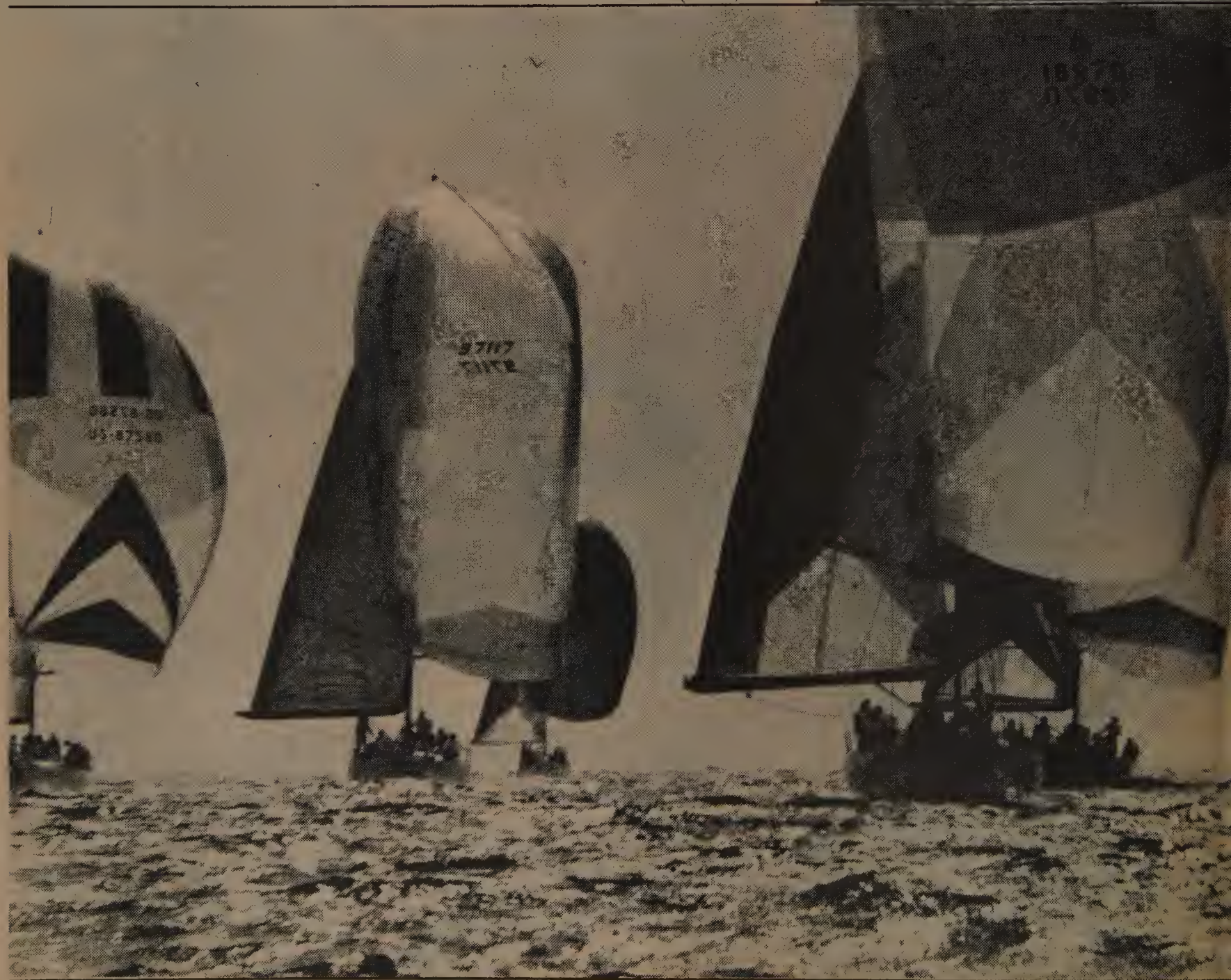
“We went from the tank to the bank,” quipped *Citius* helmsman Steve Grillon when describing the Santa Cruz 70’s improbable come-from-behind victory in the 25th anniversary edition of the prestigious Cal Cup. After 75 rhumbline miles and 20 mark roundings on windward-leeward courses, the winner of this five race, level-rated, no-throwout buoy racing contest for eight maxi sleds wasn’t decided until the final minutes of the last weather leg of the last race. Mathematically, any of four boats could have won the regatta going into the final race, and with ten minutes left the guys on *Cheetah* were getting ready to pop the champagne corks.

Citius had rounded the last mark in DFL. With only a three-mile beat to the finish, an otherwise beautiful series looked like it was

going down the hopper. So they desperately banged the usually unfavored left-hand side of the course, so far back that no one bothered to cover. They went for broke, all the way to the port tack layline. But as the fleet came together in the final hundred yards at the finish, *Citius* passed three boats, pulling a gargantuan rabbit out of their hat, almost giving themselves — not to mention the assembled fleet of spectators — heart attacks.

“We were talking directly to God on that one,” claimed crewmember Sam Heck, who denied rumors that the entire 18-man crew had gone to church together earlier that Sunday morning. “Actually, what else could we do?” Indeed, if there was ever a time to take a flyer, that was it. It was a thrilling finish to the closest Cal Cup ever — the first four

SCOTT LENOX





boats ended up separated by one 1.5 points!

Grillon, a North sailmaker out of Huntington Beach, did a masterful job of guiding *Citius*, arguably one of the lower tech and lower budget sleds, to victory. Like all of these jumbo surfboards, *Citius* had three distinct divisions of labor onboard. Forward of the mast in "Frontierland", was Sam Heck's department. Handling sail trim in the middle of the boat, "Adventureland", was Bob Boyes. Behind the traveller, in "Fantasyland", the cast included tactician Pete Heck and three of the six owners of the boat — John Messenger, Bill Wilson, and Addison Sawyer.

Tied with *Citius*, looking like winners, but losing on the tiebreaker, was Dick Pennington's *Cheetah*. Apparently, *Cheetah*, Dick and Paula Blackburne, Dick's ubiquitous girlfriend, got a group discount on a little cosmetic surgery right before the Memorial Day Cal Cup regatta. These uplifting developments were the subject of much good-natured humor during the obligatory speeches — which rapidly degenerated into roasts of Dick and Pat Farrah — throughout the three-day regatta. Suffice it to say that *Cheetah* seems faster than ever, especially in light air. The boat is lighter now, and among other changes, has a new propeller rumored to be about as big as a dinner fork. Driving *Cheetah* was Sobstad honcho Ed Lorence from Torrance, assisted by tactician and father-to-be Norman Davant, navigator Tom Leweck — current commodore of the host club, California YC, and commodore for life of TPA — and foredeck ace Pete "Falco"

Frasier.

Third place went to last year's winner, *Blondie*, sailed by owner Pat Farrah. The 2.5-year-old Santa Cruz 70 seems happiest in a breeze, and she walked away with the fourth race when the "Marina del Rey Doctor", all 15 throbbing knots of him, finally filled in.

Blondie's popular owner/driver was a favorite target on and off the race course. Dennis Durgan and his Newport Beach cronies on *Pandemonium* pounded Farrah at the start of the first race, and no amount of talent — Robbie Haines, Louie Wake, John Jourdane, Mark Wilson, Mike Elias, Ken Kieding, et. al. — could stop *Blondie* from a disastrous sixth place finish. These sleds are so evenly matched — picture racing big Lasers with 18-man crews — that once you're behind your chances of coming back are slim and none. ("And Slim, he just left town . . ." as Mark Shutts liked to say.)

Farrah, who also owns another past winner of the Cal Cup, the famous *Ragtime*, was slammed in the dinner speeches as well ("We had to invite Pat . . . if we didn't he'd take his fleet and have his own Cal Cup." Or, "Beat Pat and we guarantee you he'll buy your boat"). Pat got in his licks, too, bringing down the house with a comment about Pennington that is best left unprinted. Pennington, in the next round of speeches, which had to be in rhyme, got back with another crowd-pleaser wherein he offered ". . . this retort: I'll see your ass in court". It was, of course, all in fun — and some of these owners are pretty funny guys.

Left: The fleet of eight ultralight maxi sleds battles it out on the downwind leg. Top: Roy Disney's brand new 'Pyewacket' slides to weather with a competitor.

SCOTT LENOX

SLED WARS:

Finishing out of the money, but always close to it, was Roy Disney's new *Pyewacket* with designer Bruce Nelson driving. The "magic cat" is rumored to be the most expensive sled ever built, featuring everything but a carbon fiber toilet seat. The crew, which included Billy Peterson, Mark Baxter and two of Disney's sons, was still putting the boat together the day before the regatta, and haven't really had time to get all the bugs worked out. It's a beautiful state-of-the-art sled, light and stiff with a four spreader discontinuous rig, and sure to be a threat in the upcoming TransPac.

Also working out the bugs on his new sled was John Wintersteen, who recently commissioned *Hotel California*, SC 70 number six. Designer Bill Lee was onboard to help John bring the new boat up to speed. Wintersteen, a retired ichthyologist, isn't

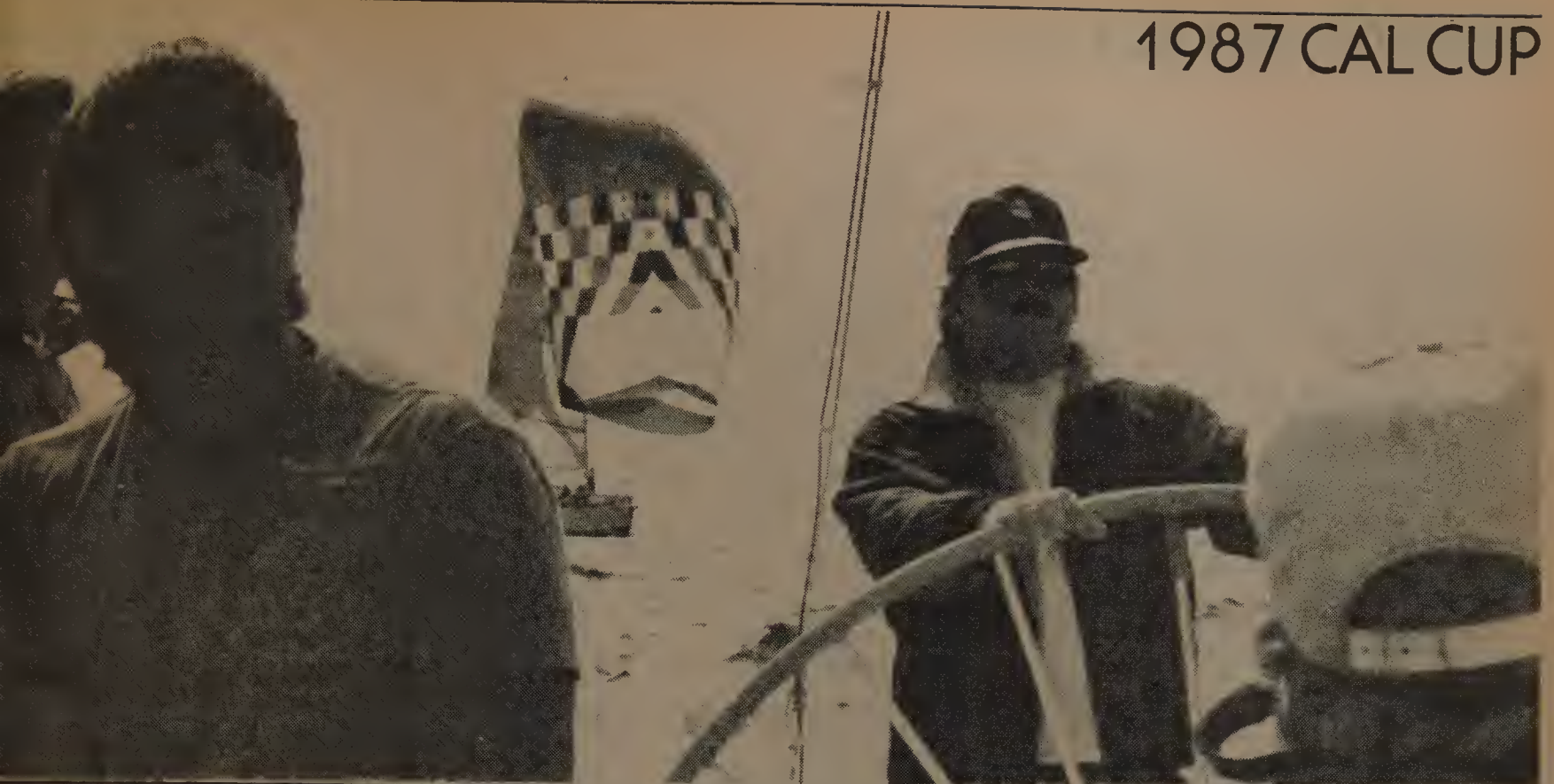
hurting for a sense of humor either. He was quoted in the local paper as saying that the Eagles album that inspired his boat's name has a few other pertinent sledding tunes on it, including "New Kid in Town", "Life in the Fast Lane", and "Wasted Time". His tender is named *Room Service*, and their battleflag features a AAA logo and five stars.

The other three boats in the regatta didn't do as well as they probably would have liked. *Pandemonium* faded after opening with two third-place finishes and *Drumbeat*, an earlier Nelson/Marek creation, was never really in the hunt. *Kathmandu*, winner of the Cal Cup in 1985, was a hastily put-together charter by Bob Doughty and his MEXORC/Ensenada buddies. Considering that they had less than a week's notice to prepare for the event, it was a good show. *Kathmandu* did win the trophy for the best "poetry",

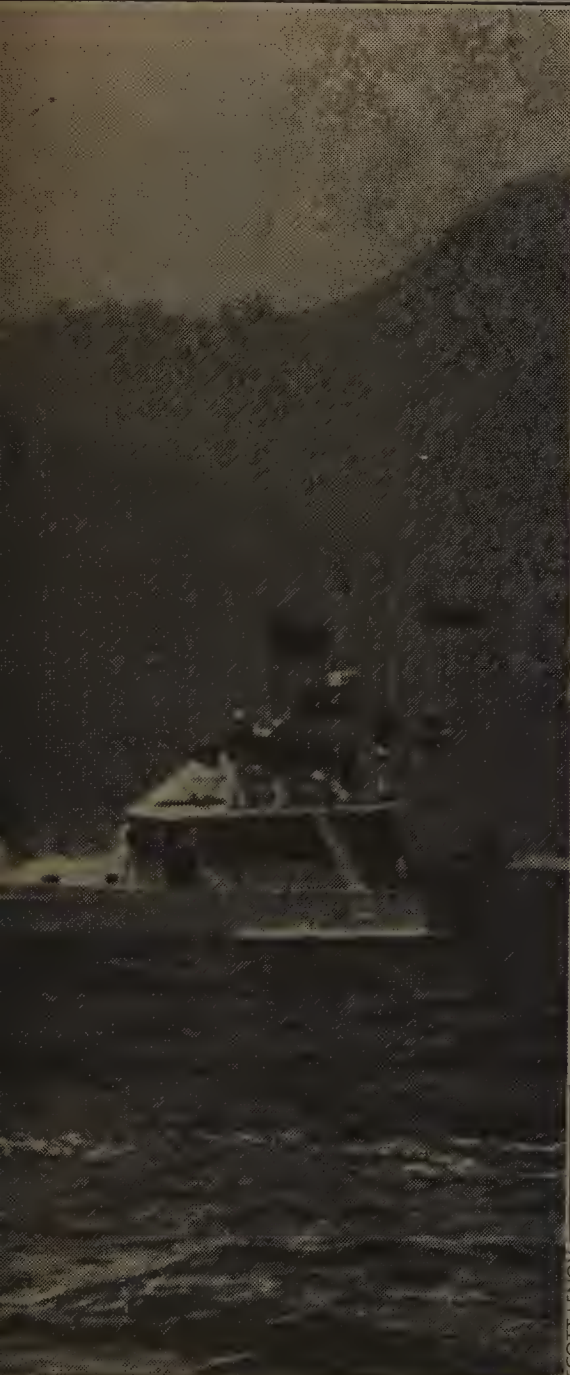
ROB MOORE



1987 CAL CUP



Left; Everyone thought 'Cheetah' had won when she crossed the finish line of the last race. Top; Pat Farrah and crew were just 1.5 points out of first. Below; Winning skipper, Steve Grillon, and owner, John Messenger of triumphant 'Citius'.



ROB MOORE



mainly for threatening to read more of their work after grossing out the audience with a limerick about a man from Nantucket.

is obviously the centerpiece of the summer, followed a few months later by the September 13th Big Boat Series, which will feature a class for 70 raters, one for SC 50's,

CALIFORNIA YC 1987 CALIFORNIA CUP

<i>Citius</i>	SC 70	John Messenger	Steve Grillon	LAYC	4	1	1	3	5	13.500
<i>Cheetah</i>	Pet. 66	Dick Pennington	Ed Lorence	LBYC	1	4	4	4	1	13.500
<i>Blondie</i>	SC 70	Pat Farrah	Pat Farrah	LBYC	6	2	2	1	4	14.750
<i>Pyewacket</i>	N/M 70	Roy Disney	Bruce Nelson	CYC	2	5	3	2	3	15.000
<i>Pandemonium</i>	N/M 66	Bob Moore	Dennis Durgan	BYC	3	3	7	6	6	25.000
<i>Hotel California</i>	SC 70	John Wintersteen	Chris Sellars	CYC	7	6	5	7	2	27.000
<i>Kathmandu</i>	SC 70	Bob Doughty	Bob Doughty	SBYRC	5	7	8	5	7	32.000
<i>Drumbeat</i>	N/M 68	Don Ayres, Jr.	Don Ayres, Jr.	NHYC	8	8	6	8	8	38.000

Next stop in the "Summer of Sleds" if only a few days away at Long Beach Race Week, where at least five boats (*Blondie*, *Cheetah*, *Citius*, *Hotel California*, and *Pyewacket*) will go at it again. The TransPac

and only three IOR classes this year. Cal Cup will be a tough act for these regattas to follow, but they'll probably manage somehow. Let the good times roll!

— rob moore

THE 20TH ANNUAL

In the world of sailing there is no event that so evokes the combined images of hedonism and competition as does Antigua Sailing Week. Imagine, if you will, an international regatta with twice the entries of the St. Francis Big Boat Series, held in an idyllic tropical setting seeped in nautical history, with plenty of rum punch for all hands. As if that weren't enough, the event enjoys the unique status of being endorsed by the island's citizens, government and businesses.

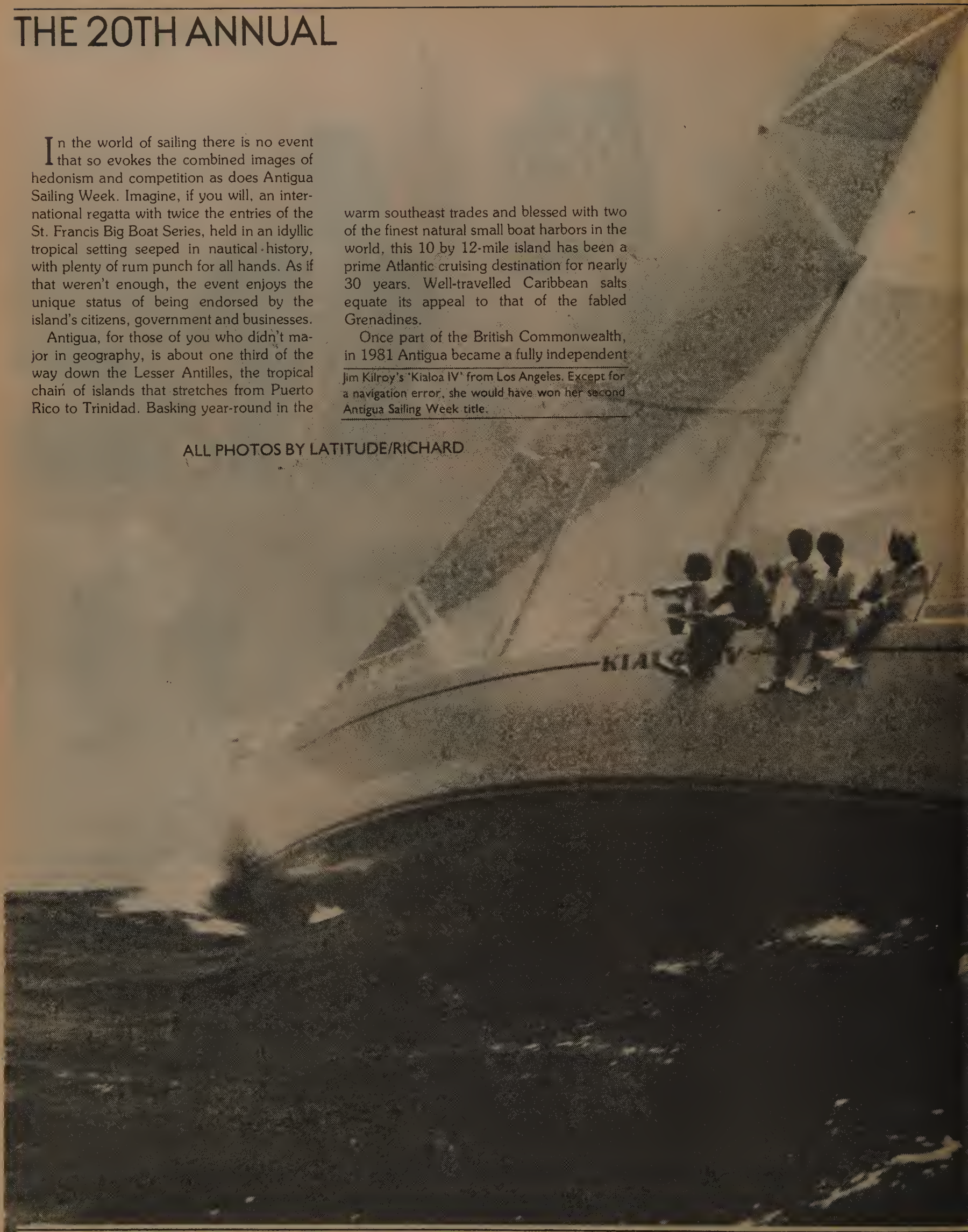
Antigua, for those of you who didn't major in geography, is about one third of the way down the Lesser Antilles, the tropical chain of islands that stretches from Puerto Rico to Trinidad. Basking year-round in the

warm southeast trades and blessed with two of the finest natural small boat harbors in the world, this 10 by 12-mile island has been a prime Atlantic cruising destination for nearly 30 years. Well-travelled Caribbean salts equate its appeal to that of the fabled Grenadines.

Once part of the British Commonwealth, in 1981 Antigua became a fully independent

Jim Kilroy's 'Kialoa IV' from Los Angeles. Except for a navigation error, she would have won her second Antigua Sailing Week title.

ALL PHOTOS BY LATITUDE/RICHARD



ANTIGUA RACE WEEK



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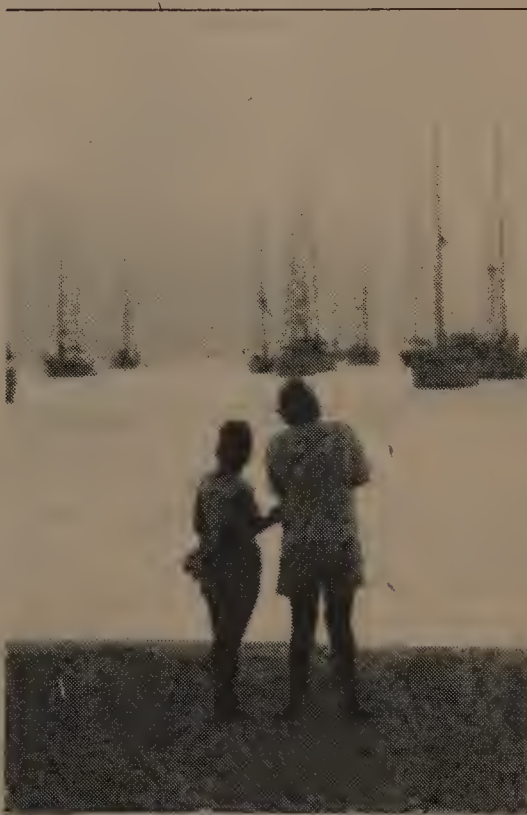


The 'tray lady' and 'tray man' doing their BBQ-thing on the beach at Dickenson Bay.

nation ruled by a parliamentary government. Understandably, however, the British influence remains, for other than when controlled by the French in 1666-67, the British had ruled since the early 1600's. There is no animosity between England and Antigua; in fact British Airways 747's arrive almost daily from London during the high season. While Antigua's rolling hills aren't ugly, the Brits, like the other tourists, come primarily for the exclusive waterfront resorts, the 365 travel-poster beaches, and the fabulous cruising

Sailing — both for military and recreational purposes — has long been a mainstay of Antiguan life. During the first 200 years, the arid island was of exceptional strategic value to the British Crown. Horatio Nelson fortified the already well-protected English Harbor and based his squadron there. When you climb the steps of Fort Berkeley to overlook the Antigua Sailing Week finish line, you've climbed the steps worn down by the boots of Nelson and his men. When you drink at Limeys, you're relaxing in the old officer's quarters. Many other fascinating historical structures remain, including capstans used to careen the warships. Partially rather than plastically preserved, they convey a powerful sense of nautical tradition.

As for Antigua's pleasure sailing history, it begins with Cdr. V.E.B. Nicholson, his wife, and two sons who arrived from England in 1948 aboard the schooner *Mollihawk*. Having intended to sail to Australia, the family



You'd think the Caribbean was always clear as a bell. But some sunsets are like those off Marina del Rey.

fell in love with English Harbor, whose buildings at the time were abandoned and withering toward oblivion. The Nicholsons spent the winter refitting their boat, accepted an offer to do a charter, and have been there ever since. Their family has grown and so has the charter fleet; upwards of 75 large charter vessels call English Harbor their winter home.

While many others have subsequently come and established businesses, the well-liked Nicholson clan retains a strong presence. In fact it was Desmond Nicholson who co-founded Antigua Sailing Week 20 years ago with Howard Hulford and the Antigua Hotel Association. Unlike San Francisco's Summer of Love which didn't even survive the winter, The Antiguan's clever scheme to extend the high tourist season has not only endured but thrived.

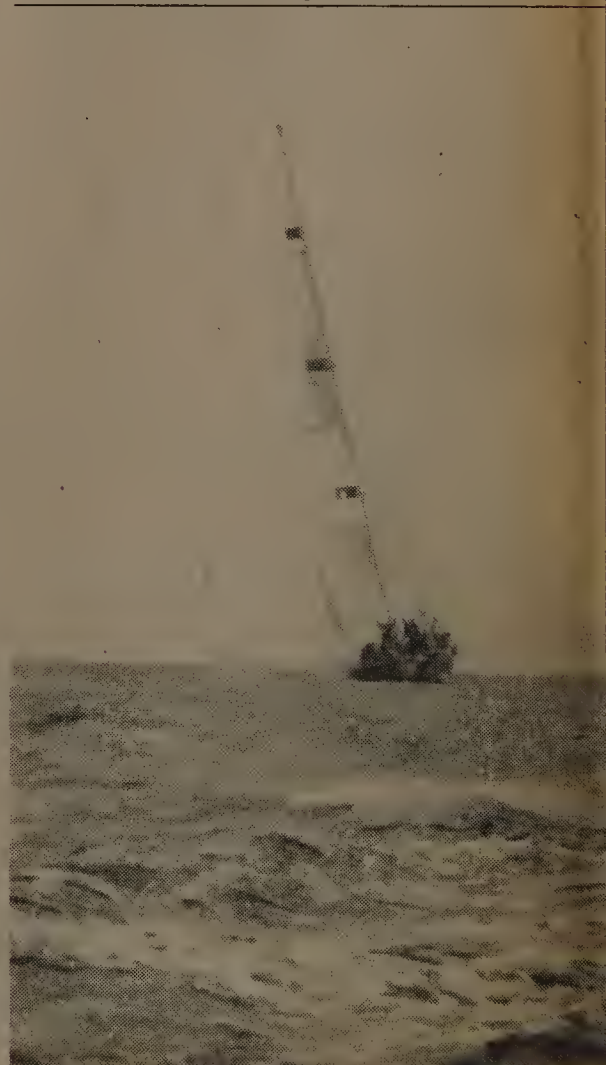
Twenty-four entries, 17 of them charter boats, competed in the inaugural three-race event. Dr. Cesar Berrios of Puerto Rico, headed on a cruise down island, entered on a lark — and won. It was a fortuitous occurrence, for when he returned to win the next two years also, he brought other Puerto Rican entries with him. By 1970 the series was lengthened to a week; in the mid-70's the then associated state of the Commonwealth of Antigua and Barbuda issued a stamp to commemorate the fact that now as

many as 65 boats representing 22 nations were competing.

It wasn't until 1982, however, that Antigua Sailing Week really got on the map, attracting a strong fleet, half of them serious racers. For not only did Jim Kilroy of Los Angeles show up with *Kialoa IV* to take honors in the largest — 130 boats — fleet ever, but the shoreside activities at Nelson's Dockyard and the Antigua YC reached new libinous heights. The wet t-shirt contests became no t-shirt contests and got lots of play in the sailing press. So, too, did disqualified SORC winner and sailing 'bad boy' Tom "Coon Ass" Dreyfuss of New Orleans. The Mardi Gras veteran romped around in a Superman costume with a dildo protruding from the waistband.

Yes, the word was out. If you were looking for the wildest and craziest — but nonetheless organized — regatta on the planet, you need look no further than Antigua Sailing Week.

It's no wonder then, that for the last five years entries have averaged 115 boats. The



ANTIGUA RACE WEEK

breakdown of entries by country has been remarkably consistent. The United States normally fields about 35 boats, England about 15, Antigua 10, the British Virgins about eight, the rest being a smattering from 44 other countries ranging from Abajan (which isn't listed in our *National Geographic Atlas*) to that traditional ocean racing power, Zimbabwe.

For whatever reasons, entries for this year's 20th Antigua Sailing Week tumbled to just 80 boats. The dwindling participation is of great concern to the scores of 'tray ladys' who are ready day and night with Johnny Cakes, fish cakes, BBQ chicken and beef, as well as any cocktail or 'conch water' you desire. The government is concerned, too. With a per capita income of less than \$1,000 a year U.S. — there are *lots* of children among the 75,000 Antiguans — Sailing Week is now relied on to be a major earner of much-needed foreign currency.

The tumbling attendance, however, could not be blamed on Californians, who made a

Dee Smith, David Hulse and crew went out on a limb with 'Eclipse', but had to settle for third place.

respectable numerical showing. Jim Kilroy of Los Angeles was the sole representative of Southern California, back with *Kialoa IV*. Arch Marez of Santa Cruz and St. Lucia brought his two boats; the Swan 44 *Avril* and *Eclipse*, the Carl Schumacher-designed 44-ft open dinghy that had literally been 'sailed under' six months previously on Monterey Bay. Jim Bledsole of the St. Francis YC was there with his Swan 46, *Mr. Bullfrog*.

Northern California was represented in the cruising divisions by V. Dedomonico's Fife 79, *Mariella*, an elegant old wood boat in lovely condition. We at *Latitude* were there, too, with charterers from San Francisco, the Peninsula, Santa Barbara and Texas on our Ocean 71, *Big O*.

Of course Antigua Sailing Week always attracts plenty of voyeurs, for both the action on the course and the shore. For example, there were five Ocean 71 sisterships to our *Big O*; not a one of which entered the competition. Other notable boats included the 110-ft, 40-knot *Never Say Never*, which has been co-star in Bond movies and *Miami Vice*. Then there was the enormous ketch *Lady Gull*, which made the 80-ft *Kialoa IV*



Some of the spectators and racers formed a mutual admiration society.

look like an Olson 30. You don't know the meaning of big pleasure boats until you've been to the Caribbean.

California boats held up their end of the spectator fleet, also. Claude Rothe and Roberta Chan, midway through a clockwise circumnavigation of the Caribbean with their steel sloop *Quetzal* from Sausalito were there, as were the San Francisco-based Freeport 41, *Zip a Dee Doo Da*, and the Ocean 60, *Ocean Mistress*.

"What's Antigua Sailing Week really like?" everybody wants to know. We can't speak for previous incarnations, but judging from this year we'd have to say that Antigua Sailing Week is either dramatically changing or has a terribly distorted reputation.

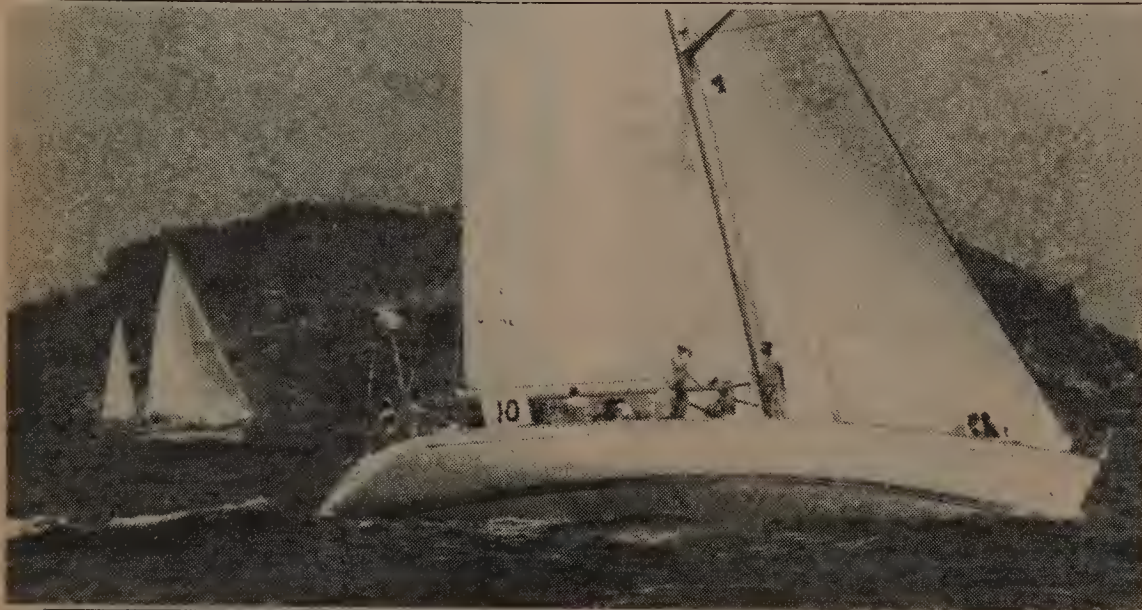
First off, this was no sensual Dionysian fest. Possibly the presence of topless women crew, spectators and sun-bathers constitutes unbridled hedonism to bluebloods of New England and the reserved British, but it rated three yawns from Californians and was no naughtier than the most pedestrian afternoon on any of the French Islands.

Perhaps organizers had made a deliberate attempt to de-sensualize the Week. "I heard that last year's wet t-shirt contest got way out of hand," snarled one middle-aged woman shoving her way to the front of the lay-day



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crowd. "Yes," said her lookalike companion, viscerously elbowing her way to a better vantage point for the anticipated pro-



One of the four Swan 65's that competed.

ceedings, "it was just disgusting!"

When the officials announced there would be no wet t-shirt contest, the crowd — including the women — roared their displeasure. A big group of Texans on an Irwin 52 tried to take up the slack when they motored by the assemblage, alternately flashing and mooning the spectators. Had everyone in the crowd a pair of binoculars they might have been able to catch the Texan's drift.

There was an exceedingly boring couples 'lascivious legs' contest, during which the only spark of life was provided by two guys wearing no more than Heineken boxes around their waists and clothes pins on their nipples. They were hilarious!

But so much for Antigua's sexual reputation. As for the boozing, one long-time Antigua veteran advised us to "bring another liver". Unable to locate one on short notice, we came without. But we didn't seem to miss it. Despite having the most conducive climate for heavy drinking and the availability of cocktails every 30 feet, very few people were getting bombed. Despite a fleet of several hundred boats and thousands of active sailors, we never once saw anything resembling an obnoxious drunk. What we did see was a couple of alcoholic friend who'd given up the bottle entirely.

We're not complaining about any of this, mind you, just pointing out the dramatic difference between the Week's social reputation and reality. If you're thinking about going to Antigua for wild, wild times, you'd better think again. As one of our charter

guests said, "If I'd known it was like this, I would have brought my girlfriend." And we'd have brought our family. It was a very pleasant, sober, civilized week of sailing fun. It was also a great place to meet sailors from all over the world, something you rarely find in the Pacific, and a great place to find a berth back to the States or to the Med.

There was also plenty of opportunity to meet eligible singles — provided you were a

woman. Sure it was possible for men to make friends, but with the ratio at about 10 to 1, the odds didn't favor it. In Antigua, as in the entire sailing world except for Thailand, it's wisest to bring companionship with you.

If the wild and crazy social aspects of Antigua have been way overblown, then the racing has similarly been underrated. Because the courses are designed to make a grand tour of the island, they might leave something to be desired for gold cup course sailors. But for fun racers and the cruising divisions, the conditions, the courses, and the race committee work was just outstanding.

We're not certain who has the right connections, but for the five days of racing the warm trades blew between 12 and 20 knots with light seas. After the races were over the winds would drop and the seas moderate so there was never the least bit of rolling at anchor. It was uncanny — and about as perfect conditions as you could ever imagine for

Burt Keenan of New Orleans. The former SORC participant has taken to Antigua with a Frers cat ketch.



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pleasure racing. Think of the best day you've ever had sailing in your life; stick six of them together in a row, and you'd have Antigua Sailing Week conditions.

Scenery? This is the Caribbean you see in the travel posters. Blue sky, puffy white clouds, unbelievable shades of blue water, fine white sand beaches, dramatic surf-pounded cliffs along the south shore — it was almost enough to make you get over being homesick for California fog.

Antigua Sailing Week uses a special West Indies Yachting Association handicap system, one that's fallen out of favor everywhere but at Antigua. We didn't have the time to ever figure it out. What we didn't have the intelligence to figure out was thinking behind the make-up of some of the classes.

Why on earth, for example, would they have Swan 65's racing with Capri 25's in one cruising division and Irwin 65's racing with 23-footers in another cruising division? What seemed to us to be the obvious folly of such class splitting was made evident when just the second start of Race Week began with a resound BLAM! A Capri 25 skipper thought he could nimbly dip inside the starting pin and thus ace out the Swan 65, *Expectation*



of the five race series takes the fleet halfway around the island to Dickenson Bay. There's a triangle race there the next day, and a the

which was charging for the line at hull speed. It was like a kid on a motor scooter trying to duck across a railroad crossing in front of the AmTrac Starlight. And not making it.

The Swan smashed into that Capri broadside, sprawling the smaller boat's crew across the cockpit and dropping their rig about their shoulders. But it didn't end there. Swan 65's tip the scales at about 75,000 pounds; the little Capri 25 less than a tenth of that. Having dug a nice little hole in the Capri with her bow, the Swan and the Capri tango'd off toward the first mark at Mill Reef. It seemed like about half a mile before the drag of the Capri on the Swan's bow killed the larger boat's momentum. They'll be a foot of snow in Antigua before the Capri owner tries to barge the starting line again.

Remarkably, the Week's video had been following the Capri the entire time just before the start. Thus the collision was captured in the most dramatic possible fashion, with the Swan suddenly appearing out of nowhere to t-bone the little boat. The sequence was replayed hundreds of times on video, much to the delight of onlookers. In fact, it was the second most popular sight at Antigua, the first being a young lady's pretty fanny on which a San Diegan had painted two sets of 'kisses'.

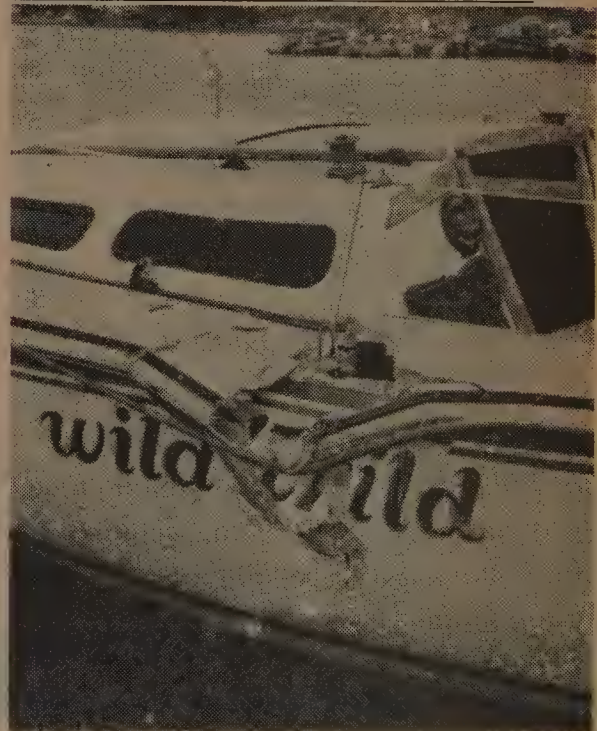
Given the mix of different size boats, different crew skills, unfamiliarity with charter boats, and short-handed crews, it's a wonder there weren't many more collisions. There were a few, but none as dramatic as the Swan and Capri.

Antigua's five races cover 130 miles for racers and 98 miles for cruisers. The first race

Nelson's Dockyard conveys a fabulous sense of history.

rest of the way around the island to English Harbor the following day. After a lay day, there are two more 'triangle-ish' races to conclude the series.

What made the racing all the more exciting for the cruising division was that on the longer races the slower, spinnakerless cruis-



'Wild Child', for getting t-boned by the Swan on the other side of the page, came out in relatively good shape.

ing boats got to start first. So, for example, in the 25-mile Dickenson Bay to English Harbor Race, for a short while we were able to lead the entire 80-boat fleet, seeing how long



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we could hold off boats like *Kialoa IV*, *Mistress Quickly*, three Swan 65's, a Martin Francis 80, and a Frers 81. When a Sunday hacker gets overtaken by two or three of these boats at a time, the little heart can go pitter-pat.

Holding off Kilroy and any of the *Kialoa*'s has always been a problem for racers. And while Kilroy had only brought *K IV* and not the newer *K V* to Antigua, the old Holland design was in flawless condition. And she was fast. Under a rating system that primarily favors smaller boats, the superbly sailed *Kialoa IV* was just the killer she'd been at Antigua in 1983.

Her class and fleet finishes for the first three races were as follows: 1-5; 1-2; 1-1. In the fifth and final race it was 1-3. So what about the fourth race?

The fourth race was the controversial one. The water off the south shore of Antigua is deep so the buoy can shift position with the wind and current. Half-Moon, for example, is described as "a buoyed mark in about 30 fathoms about 4 miles 135° true from Hudson Point". As such, it was somewhat in the same vicinity as St. James Buoy.

In any event, *Kialoa* calculated they had rounded Half Moon and continued on to the next mark. Assuming that navigators on *Kialoa* simply don't make mistakes, half of

On lay days some of the cruisers would take advantage of the humidity and levitate for minutes at a time.

But with half the racing fleet having sailed the wrong course, there was a hub-bub and a protest. *Kialoa* attempted to demonstrate that they had rounded the correct mark. The Race Committee didn't buy it, however, so *Kialoa* was stuck DSQ. Even Jim Bledsole's *Bullfrog*, which dropped out of the race, got less points than did *Kialoa*.

Saddled with an 8th in class and 43rd in fleet, Kilroy's chances for another overall Antigua Sailing Week title went out the nav station porthole. Taking up the slack was *Titan IV*, a 43-ft Joubert/Nivelt sailed by T. Hill of Puerto Rico. This skipper and this boat are no slouches, having won overall the year before. Under the name *Abracadabra*, the 43-footer had won overall honors in the SORC back in 1986.

Second in fleet went to *Immigrant*, sailed by a bunch of Canadian and Kookaburra 12 Meter guys. Actually the very successful Farr 40 was lucky to even get to Antigua. Our crew on *Big O* was anchored 'Mariella', a beautiful wood Fife ketch owned by a couple from San Francisco. At right, playday at the Dockyard.

be nice if he had some food. And water. And charts. Such musings are never a good sign.

Several days later, 12 miles from Antigua and without a functioning VHF, he set off his EPIRB. At 0300 the back of the keel was starting to come off. They got him in, fixed the boat, and sailed a good series.

Reverie, a Beneteau 34 from Martinique, took third overall.

Other notable finishes. *Kialoa* was second to *Mistress Quickly*, the old Ben Lexan 72-footer in Class A. Dee Smith of Oakland drove Arch Marez' *Eclipse* to third in Class A.

Connie D, a J-35 from the Virgin Islands, took third in Class B and 4th in fleet.

Second in Class C went to *Cold Beer*, Rudy Thompson's modified 30-ft Pearson Flyer. Modified in what way? The two-time Antigua winner didn't like the boat's high freeboard, so he removed the deck, sawed a couple inches off the top of the hull, and put the deck back on. He finished 8th in fleet.

The 20 Class B cruising class was interesting for two things. Sara, an old Ericson 41 took second; and *Acadia*, a Frers 49 cat ketch owned by Burt Keenan of New



the racing boats simply followed her around the wrong buoy. Much later boats apparently recognized the error and sailed the correct course.

in St. Martin, about to leave for Antigua, when *Immigrant* and her delivery skipper, Bob Holmes sailed by. Singlehanded, he didn't look too good. Then he said it would



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Orleans took third. Racers will remember Keenan as a former SORC winner who got chunked — with several others — for having a 'funny' IOR certificate.

Class C was notable because Ted Irwin's mylar-sailed, staysail equipped Irwin 65 was able to beat our *Big O* by just two measely points. We won't bother you with how each of us placed, other than to say those well-sailed smaller boats that can deftly short tack up the beach did just fine.

Should you do Antigua Sailing Week? Heck yeah, if you're a racer you should. The

'Mistress Quickly', which years ago raced in the Big Boat Series, took Class A.

sailing conditions are as pleasant as you can imagine, and the anchorages at English and Falmouth harbors are both secure and historic. The people of Antigua were genuinely friendly and there wasn't a hint of a hassle. Sure you ought to do it.

If you're not as race crazy, Antigua Sailing Week can still be fun. Charter a boat and follow the fleet for a day or two, then head off to other attractions. Guadeloupe is just an

afternoon reach away. An overnight broad reach puts you at lovely St. Barts. Sweet, sweet, sailing.

But those who did Antigua's 20th Anniversary Sailing Week will never forget it — although not for the finest of reasons. At best we can figure it out, three young Antiguanians have bought all the amplifiers on the island — three stories worth — so only they can play rock and roll. Tragically, these are the only three Antiguanians not blessed with the gift of rhythm. What they lack in talent they compensate for in volume. Furthermore, their repertoire is limited to just two songs, each of which lasts three hours. And somehow, they seemed to have gotten the exclusive contract to play all Sailing Week bashes.

The lyrics to half their repertoire consists of "Climb Aboard" followed by the sound of a train whistle — repeated for three hours. Geez, there isn't even a train in the entire Caribbean! If this band played the last three Sailing Weeks, we think we've discovered the reason for the big drop-off in entries this



In its quaint way, English Harbor can handle all a sailor's needs.

year. It's our humble suggestion that the Antiguan Parliament give these fellows a travel grant to someplace where they have trains, for they'd all make better conductors than they do musicians.

CHANGES

With reports this month on the **Chagos Archipelago**; **March Wind** in Mexico; **Naiad** on a trip to Polynesia and back; **Honeycomb** on having a child aboard in Cabo San Lucas; **Expectation** in Panama; **Dazzler** in Costa Rica; and **Cruise Notes**.

Paradise Discovered According to David Thurston & Emmanuelle Of The Boats *Wonce Time* & *Johanna*

Looking for the perfect place to cruise or live off the sea? Imagine then that you could find a place with the following qualities:

- ✓ a chain of 20 tropical islands.
- ✓ a chain in the tradewind belt but free from hurricanes.
- ✓ an island chain with literally hundreds of secure anchorages behind a barrier reef.
- ✓ an island chain that's been virtually uninhabited for years.
- ✓ a place where you can pick oranges, lemons and limes and other fruits for free.
- ✓ a place where coconut crabs grow to three feet across and kingfish are caught to 150 pounds.
- ✓ a place where sea turtles still abound.
- ✓ a place where obtaining heart of palm

✓ a place where there is plenty of sweet water free of charge.

✓ a place where woods such as cedar, spruce and oak are free for the taking.

✓ a place where cruisers have lived for three years and more without spending a cent.

✓ a place where you need not check in or out, and there are no officials to bother you.

✓ a place where the world's most well-equipped and generous rescue service is but a few miles away.

✓ a place where the rumor of hidden treasure is so strong that even the English crown sponsored a year-long hunt.

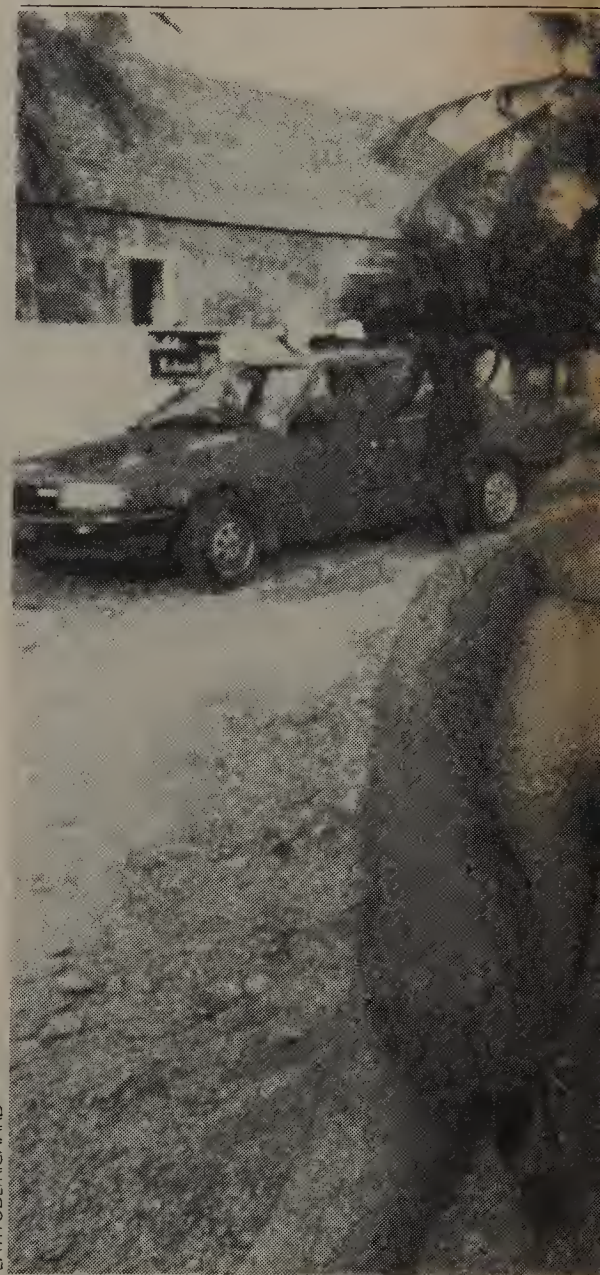
The good news is that there really is such a place and that it's on this planet. The bad news is that it's on the other side of the world, specifically smack dab in the center of the Indian Ocean. The Maldives, you guess? Close, but not quite. It's the Chagos Archipelago, 275 miles south of the Maldives.

David Thurston of Mooloolaba, Australia and the sloop *Wonce Time* and Emmanuelle of the Camper Nicholson 32, *Johanna* swear that the aforementioned description of the 20-island archipelago is not only true, but somewhat understates how pleasant it really is. Both should know, having each spent several years there on their boats.

Thurston, for example, clearly favors "paradise" to Palma de Mallorca, where on October 1 of last year his ferro cement boat was one of 135 damaged by unusually high winds and seas. In fact, Thurston's boat was completely smashed in on one side. A man of action, while others bickered with insurance companies, he got some rods and cement, pushed the boat on its side, and set out to repair it. Two weeks later he was sailing across the Atlantic to Antigua, where he and Emmanuelle told us about this seemingly very attractive Indian Ocean destination.

Where do the oranges, lemons and limes come from? From all the abandoned plantations. The same places you can find all the tools, hardwoods and other goodies.

If this place is so great, why were all the plantations willingly abandoned? They weren't really. This is where the United States military enters the picture.

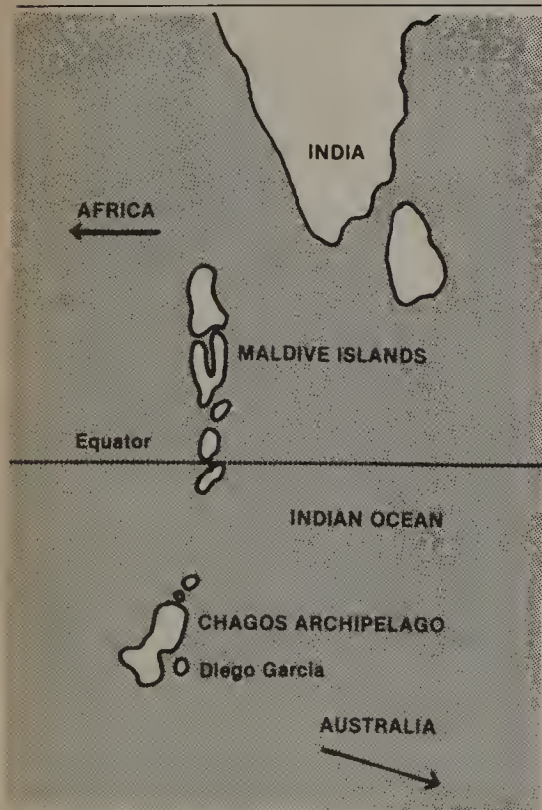


LATITUDE/RICHARD

Between the late 1800's and 1965 the Maldives were a British Protectorate that included the Chagos Archipelago. When the tossing off of colonial ties became the in thing in the mid-60's, the Maldives took their full independence as an ad-Din dynasty sultanate. But as part of the deal they handed the Chagos Archipelago over to the British, who now call it the British Indian Ocean Territory. As for the former residents of the Chagos Archipelago, they got sold out and had to leave their homeland.

The increasingly insolvent British immediately rented the largest of the Chagos Islands, Diego Garcia, to the United States government for a naval base. Of tremendous strategic importance, we're told that the arrival of the United States Navy coincided with the forced departure of all the natives. Because of the base's importance, we're also told that charts of the waters are no longer available.

This is not to say that the Navy hassles or



salad is as easy as cutting down and stripping a three-year-old coconut palm.

✓ a place where beans, pumpkins, as well as other fruits and vegetables grow easily.



refuses to help yachties. To the contrary. David and Emmanuelle report they had no problems with the Navy in the years they were there, and if a cruiser ever got in trouble the U.S. Navy was more than delighted to come to the rescue.

In particular they recall the 'Ta Chao' incident. A sailor aboard a CT boat of one type or another had run out of everything; food, water, money, etc. The generous folks at Diego Garcia were only too happy to take care of all his food and water needs. And for good measure they tossed in a case of high proof Barcardi rum, which naturally the yachtie shared with all the other cruisers. Certainly one of the biggest blowouts in Chagos history, the wild events of the evening the rum was consumed are known to this day as 'Ta Chao Disco Night'.

Other than Diego Garcia, the islands are for all intents and purposes uninhabited, the huge copra plantations having been abandoned almost instantly. But as mentioned

David and Emmanuelle in Antigua dreaming about the Chagos.

before, the fruits trees still bear, the soil is fertile enough to support the growing of vegetables, and much imported lumber and tools lay about. In fact, David envisions returning there and building a new boat from what was left.

Located just five degrees below the equator, the Chagos Archipelago hasn't been visited by a hurricane in nearly a century. The southeast trades blow at 20 knots and as are most places near the equator — except the Galapagos — it's quite warm. As much as it might disgust a few of our readers, many of the cruisers arriving on the 20 to 25 boats that pass through each year are inclined to run about in the altogether. As reprehensible as that might be, they have a few redeeming intentions.

David, for example, is dedicated to the saving of turtles. He spent a lot of time clean-

ing them up and returning them to their environment in a healthier state.

The diving in the waters of the archipelago's barrier reef is said to be fantastic — except for the presence of sharks. For either you make your peace with 'the men in the gray suits' or you stay out of the water. They are everywhere. But so are delicious crayfish, huge manta rays, and all sorts of sealife in between.

Perhaps the only big fly in the ointment of the Chagos — so to speak — are the mosquitoes. There are billions of them. And they like your blood.

The Chagos. You might want to check them out.

— latitude 38

March Wind — Hardin 44

Judy and Gary Brown

The Season in Mexico

(Shoreline Marina, Long Beach)

We left Shoreline Marina on January 15, heading south on the tail of a storm that brought the worst cold to San Diego ever. Then we stopped at Isla St. Martin, Bahia de Tortuga and Mag Bay on our way to Cabo San Lucas where at various locations we were able to catch the Super Bowl and great America's Cup coverage.

From Cabo we mostly motorsailed to Manzanillo as what wind there was seemed to always be on the nose. From Manzanillo we headed back north, hitting all the small anchorages on the way to Puerto Vallarta and then La Paz for Race Week.

At Baja Ha-Ha I 'bared' it all — see photo on next page — in hopes you'd feel sorry for me and send me a t-shirt to cover myself.

While on mainland Mexico, we met many wonderful people, including Pat and John Faulkner of *Wind Child*. Since they've written several *Changes* over the years about their trip to Polynesia, Chile and up the coast of South America, they're celebrities in my mind. What a thrill to meet them!

In fact, the worst part of cruising is having to say good-bye to all the people who are continuing on or have to return home to the States.

Some other memorable and not-so-memorable events:

1. Two dinghies stolen during that night at Bahia Navidad, which was not memorable. But Phil's food and service to yachties at

CHANGES

Navidad certainly was memorable.

2. The wonderful ice cream at Papi's in Cabo.

3. Watching Conner stomp the Aussies on television. G'night, Australia!

4. Being buzzed by a U.S. Coast Guard

COURTESY MARCH WIND



Judy dares to 'bare' at Sea of Cortez Race Week.

surveillance plane 150 miles offshore on our way from Cabo to Manzanillo.

5. The trip from Isla Isabella to La Paz, a rough one, in which we had to lay over in Muertos. We were travelling in company with Tom and Shirley on *Harmony* from Redwood City and Tim and Maurya on *Question of Balance* from Santa Cruz. All of us were tired after battling choppy and confused seas as well as winds up to 32 knots. In fact, we put into Muertos for a rest.

During that passage — and when else but at midnight? — the Coast Guard started asking us many questions over the VHF. Thank goodness they didn't decide to board us.

6. After having unlimited use of our American Express card on the mainland, we were shocked to find out we have a worthless card here in Baja. We can't get cash unless we're willing to pay a 7 percent charge; and even then it's only available at one *cambio* on the *malacon* in La Paz. Bring your Mastercard and Visa, although it's best to use traveller's checks as you get a higher rate of exchange in the banks.

7. We learned the consequences of the 'La Paz Waltz' first hand after a boat dragged down on us, scrapping both sides of the hull and knocking off our running lights. The folks on *Satori II* and *Nadesja* were among the terrific folks who tried to help us fend off.

We're planning on spending the summer in La Paz and farther north in the Sea of Cortez.

P.S. We got the first issue of *Latitude 34* at Marina de La Paz, and looked everywhere for a subscription form. I don't want to miss an issue.

P.P.S. The people at Marina de La Paz are great. They'll receive your mail for 100 pesos and then call your name over Channel 22 on the a.m. net. People can have mail sent to them c/o Marina de La Paz, Apdo Postal 290, La Paz, BCS, Mexico.

— judy & gary brown 5/87

Judy & Gary — Just like a sailboat, we like to take things slow at Latitude. Subscriptions to Latitude 34 won't be available for a couple of months. But we're printing lots of copies, so we're certain they'll quickly filter down to you in Baja.

Naiad — C&B 38

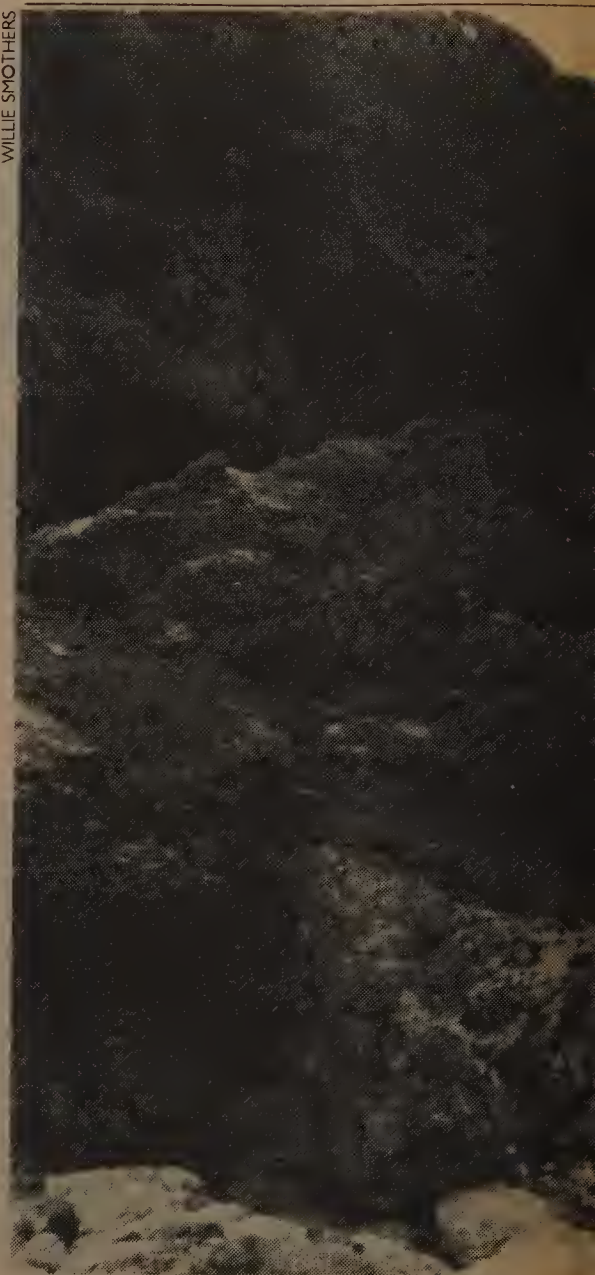
**Tim and Kristin James
To Polynesia and Back
(Santa Barbara)**

Our trip to Polynesia was fast and sweet.

We departed Santa Barbara in May of 1986 for Hiva Oa of the Marquesas. But because of a rather stressful and chaotic departure, we decided to spend the first night at Smuggler's Cove on Santa Cruz Island. The next day we started on what turned out to be a delightful 20 day — to the hour — passage, complete with an ice cream party at the Equator. The distance to the Marquesas was 2,870 nautical miles on the great circle.

We visited most of the Marquesas, and

WILLIE SMOTHERS



despite the bugs and virtual absence of fresh vegetables, found these islands to be our idea of paradise. Our favorite islands were Fatu Hiva and Tahuata. The hot trading items were cassette tapes of Emmy Lou Harris and Jimmy Cliff. But we suspect you could buy the whole island group for a case of Sony Walkmans.

After another delightful sail, we stopped at Rangiroa in the Tuamotus, meeting some friends at the airport. We had a pleasant but short stay anchored off the Kia Ora Hotel where the diving was terrific. We'd have stayed longer, but when the weather turned better for sailing than anchoring — there's a big fetch inside the atoll — we left for Huahine in the Societies. The sailing was terrific in south swells. We surfed most of the waves at 10 to 12 knots. And even though loaded with cruising stuff — we had raised the waterline 10 inches from racing trim — *Naiad* lifted up and took off on one 14 knot plane!



From Huahine we sailed to Bora Bora and took a mooring at the Oa Oa Hotel. When they say 'Yachts Welcome', they really mean it. Hooray for Greg and Elaine. We spent a wonderful month there, snorkeling, sailboarding and swimming. It was sad indeed when all of our cruising acquaintances kept heading west with us knowing we had to turn around and head for home and work.

Our first stops on the return trip were Raiatea and Tahaa, beautiful islands where we enjoyed a month. They get less tourists than the other islands, but the anchorages are either 90 feet deep in the lagoon or seven to nine feet on the inside edges of the reef — often a long way from the islands and motus. We usually anchored just inside the reef, becoming accustomed to having the keel close — and sometimes on — the sand bottom!

While in Papeete to take care of Immigration and Customs, we found a doctor who verified our suspicions; Kristin's seasickness

Santa Cruz Island, a good place to rest up for the passage to the Marquesas.

was really morning sickness. By the time this sees print, we should have our first.

After enjoying Tahiti and Moorea for two months, we headed home with a single fuel stop at Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas. Considering a crew of just two, one of which was three months pregnant and not exactly full of energy, our 26-day sail home was quite respectable. Remembering of course, that the route was basically against the current and into the wind. I guess fast passages are the benefit of cruising in a converted lightweight racer.

While on our cruise we benefitted greatly from both our weatherfax and 24-mile radar. The radar more than paid for itself one night when we were passing between two Tuamotus atolls in the middle of a severe lightning and rain storm.

Sad to say, we're now back in the

Southern California fast lane. A consequence is that we can't afford to keep *Naiad*, so we've enclosed a *Classy Classified*. We are, however, dreaming about and working on plans for our 'ultimate yacht', to be started as soon as time and funding allow.

— tim and kristin (no date)

Honeycomb — Westsail 32
Bill, Joy and Sean Rundell
Cabo San Lucas
(San Diego)

After six weeks in Cabo I'm not going to tell you about the great fishing — everyone already knows about that. I'm not going to tell you about the wonderful scenery — because it is spectacular and you have to see it to believe it. And, I'm not going to tell you about the best bars to frequent, because I really don't know. Nor am I going to brag about our boat's performance — she's a Westsail, so what's to brag about? Nope, fellow cruisers, I'm going to tell you about our heart-warming asset . . . a baby!

Now we know most cruisers are not into babies, and neither were we six years ago when we started planning the Great Escape! It was going to be just Cap't and First Mate, working our buns off, paying off the boat, cruising Mexico and then on to the South Pacific or wherever our hearts and the fair winds might take us.

Being told by doctors that I had a less than 10 percent chance of getting pregnant, I was told to look for "alternatives". Our alternative was cruising and not worrying about what might have been. Then at 34, after owning our boat two years and being less than a year from our escape date, I found out I was pregnant! Whoa! I thought, there goes our cruising dream. You can't cruise with an infant, can you? I was sure that it was out of the question: too much hassle, too much responsibility, and too risky for the baby's health and welfare — right? Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Our baby has been on board since he was two weeks old. We padded the pilot berth with the same cute padding you'd put in your baby's crib and then put netting all across the face of his bunk. We stocked up on baby food — Heinz makes a great instant baby food that needs no refrigeration — and formula. (Of course, breast feeding is cheaper and more convenient.) We stocked

CHANGES

up on both cloth and disposable diapers and on February 22 — when Sean was eight months — we shoved off!

Unfortunately, our departure coincided



The galley sink, a 'safe' environment for a child.

with an Alaskan storm-front that passed through San Diego and followed us for the next five days. We left San Diego under sunny skies and 12 hours later we found ourselves in the midst of this storm. We had very sloppy seas and 20-25 knot winds and even hail in San Quintin, where we holed-up for four days. Dad and Mom got very little sleep, but baby blissfully slept through the whole thing and each day he would wake up bright-eyed and cheerful!

Once on land, whether it was Turtle Bay or here in Cabo, our smiling little guy would break the ice with the locals and the officials treated us like VIPs! Baby thoroughly enjoys all the attention he gets and adjusts to his surroundings, be it the Port Capitan's office or Papi's Ice Cream Parlour. He always manages to be charming and flirting with someone! You know how people warm up to cute puppies? Well, a smiling, happy baby melts even more hearts!

Cruisers are astonished by our little crewmember and frequently ask, "How do you do it? Isn't having a baby on board a hassle?" Having a baby on board is no more of a hassle than having one at home! Mrs. "Skep-

tical" really had her doubts about cruising with a little one. But after listening to other cruiser's advice and a little forethought for baby provisioning, it has turned out quite well! Basically, equip your boat the same way you would at home, i.e. safety, entertainment, food, education and lots of love! After all, on a 32-ft boat Mom and Dad are only an ear-shot away.

Anyone who may be in a similar situation or feels that a boat and cruising lifestyle is not a place to raise a child, all I can say is that we have a happy, healthy baby boy to prove it works! Babies are extremely flexible and just require love and a safe environment. They don't care if you are 20 miles offshore or in port; they are just happy to be with you!

It is now time to move on: next stop, the hearts of La Paz.

— joy 4/25/87

Joy — Your story reminds us of our daughter, who at nine months learned to walk on the beaches and streets of Cabo San Lucas. Blue-eyed and blonde, she would immediately bring smiles to the faces of even the most snarling and scarred Mexican fishermen and federales. And waitresses would simply disappear with our daughter for ten and fifteen minutes at a time.

But we should also be honest and report that our wife thought the week we spent on the boat in Cabo with our young daughter was the worst in her life. When a young child wants to walk there's nothing that can stop them from getting to their feet; and when a boat wants to roll with a swell, there's

nothing that's going to stop that from happening either.

The combination of a baby that had to walk and a boat that had to rock resulted in a badly bruised baby's head and parent's nerves shot to hell. We wish you better luck when Sean starts to walk and presume you'll keep us posted. You have all our best wishes!

Now that our kids are four and six, they're wonderful to have along with us.

Yacht Club Mascots

Expectation — Peterson 44

Nick Coates

(Aspen, Colorado)

Our old friend Nick Coates sent us the photo you see above. It's an iguana, one of approximately 20 that serve as the mascots of the Panama Canal YC in Cristobal, Panama.

Most of the iguanas live around the Pier 1 area of the club, where liveaboards have been feeding them food scraps for years.

Nick, a Sea of Cortez Race Week veteran, who has been out cruising with his wife most of the last four years, is currently working on an article for *Latitude* that might be of interest to many cruisers. It's titled *Yesterday's luxuries, Today's necessities*. Yep, it's seems the older we get and the longer we're on boats, the more comfort we're willing to accept. That's even true for the Pardeys, who after so many years moved up to a 30 foot boat from a 24 footer.

— latitude 38



Dazzler — Offshore 47

**Cary Johnston-Crane, Charlie Crane
Southern California to Costa Rica
(Marina del Rey)**

After leaving Marina del Rey on New Year's Day, we spent 2.5 months sailing south along the Mexican coast.

Our first stop was Isla San Martin, where we spent two nights waiting for a front to move through so we could navigate the bar at San Quintin and head up the channel to the 'Old Mill'. We carried two 30-gallon water heaters in the pilot berths that were meant for our friends ashore, Dorothy and Al Vela. Unfortunately, the swells never did subside, so we off loaded the water-heaters in pangas and bee-lined it for Cabo.

There was nothing unusual about our sleigh ride south, except that we lost our autopilot then our engine. No big deal, we just short-tacked our relatively heavy 47-foot ketch into the inner harbor and dropped the hook. Phew!! Drills like that really keep us on our toes, but we were proud of ourselves.

Once we got the engine going again, we reprovisioned — beer and toilet paper — and took off for Puerto Vallarta with a crew of six. We drank too much beer, caught lots of fish, and finally found Puerto Vallarta at night. It had been raining for a week before

we got there and continued to rain the whole two weeks we were there. So we were delighted to get underway for Las Hadas, harbor hopping at all the traditional spots: Yelapa, Ipala, Chamela, Careyitos and Tenacatita.

But Las Hadas proved to be our oasis. We cleaned all the Puerto Vallarta mud off our decks and then took off to do some inland travelling, finally ending up in Mexico City. We can't say enough about that wonderful city and its people. While there we stopped at the Costa Rican consulate and got four-year multiple-entry visas.

We made a non-stop passage from Las Hadas to Z-town, where we were greeted by a 'Welcome Wagon' of cruisers who invited us to a pot-luck on the beach later that day. Unfortunately, theft at Z-town was at an all-time high, one boat getting hit twice. Although we locked and bolted everything twice, we never felt completely secure going ashore. We did, however, spend two fantastic days at nearby Isla Grande where we were hosted to a great 'happy hour' by Gloria and Rollin on *Josephine*, also out of Marina del Rey. Had we known about Isla Grande, we would have spent the bulk of our time there rather than Z-town.

Having blown an indecent amount of our



Carey hauls in a dorado on the way to Costa Rica.

cruising kitty to tie up at Las Hadas, we decided to anchor off at the Acapulco YC. Contrary to popular lore, there's a great breeze that blows through the anchorage — at least there was when we were there. We did all the tourist things like seeing the cliff-divers (well worth the time!); seeing the mercado (it's great and has the best pozole in town); and slummed through the high-rise hotel district.

Deciding to do our checking out paperwork a few days early, we went to the commercial dock to see *Servicios de Puerto*. Tied up to the dock was the Russian oceanographic research vessel, *Dimitri Mendeleev*. Charlie, a 'never give up guy', finally obtained permission from the Chief Officer, Alexander Brygin, to come aboard and have a tour. Later we invited him to see *Dazzler*.

Alexander came with two other crew and we spent the day at the yacht club. All three of the Russians were itching to get in the pool, so in they went. They splashed around in it for hours. Alexander later explained that it was a very special treat for them as they are not accustomed to being hosted in such a fine manner. He then invited us and cruisers from two other boats — Jack and Renee on *Blo-Hard* and Dennis on *Pioneer Spirit* aboard the *Mendeleev* later that evening.

Alexander hosted a first-class party for us in his cabin. We were introduced to several other officers and crew who partied with us. There were many vodka toasts and loads of Russian meats, cheeses and breads. When the Russian ship departed for Los Angeles and San Francisco the next day, we and *Blo-*



NICK COATES

CHANGES

Hard escorted them out of Acapulco. Alex came on the radio and we exchanged many words of truly heart-felt good wishes. Hoisted on the *Mendeleev's* spreader were signal flags wishing us "good sailing". We had tears in our eyes as the last goodbyes were said; it had been one of the highlights of our trip so far. Someday we hope to see Alexander again.

We now turned our attention toward 'Tehuantepeckering' the boat in anticipation of the big jump across the gulf to Costa Rica. Hatches were made as watertight as possible, junk that had not seen a home in months was stowed away, the drifter and spinnaker were thrown in the bottom of the lazarette and the storm jib made its way on deck. We prepared one-pot meals and froze them, topped off the water and fuel, and departed Acapulco.

Charlie kept a close watch on United States east coast weather as well as west coast weather which is specifically supposed to indicate if a gale is coming or not. Unfortunately, the weather is always dated by a few hours so some interpreting must be done. Nancy on *Kontika* also clued us in on some visible signs that might indicate a coming gale. These included 'fingers of fog' and others signs.

In any event, there was a gale in progress, so we stopped at Puerto Escondido, a great place if you don't mind anchoring 75-ft off the beach. The pangas had taken up the entire left side of the anchorage where the guides all tell you to anchor. Some say this is destined to be the next Z-town. Let's hope not. As for fuel and water — they both involve a taxi ride.

Monitoring the weather became our prime occupation. It was still blowing in the Gulf, so we tip-toed down to Puerto Angel and came to regret it. This was the only Mexican port in which we were hassled. Not much, but enough so that after Salvatore, a representative of the Port Captain's office, presented himself uninvited on our decks at 0700 one morning asking for whiskey and paint, we bee-lined it to the Port Captain's office. When we got there, the Port Captain himself asked for whiskey and paint. So we checked in and out and left for Hualtaxco.

Finally the weather reports indicated that the gale was weakening, so we took off. All our frugal calculating and watching paid off



as we slid past the Gulf of Tehuantepec with only 90 minutes of 20 knot winds off Salina Cruz, a place that's said to always have at least 20 knots of wind.

Our tactic was to stay as close to shore as possible should a gale whip up. We played it very conservative all the way to Puerto Madero, thinking that every time we rounded a corner it was going to blow like snot. But it never did and we had to motor a couple of times.

We were also lucky to be able to plan our departure so that we passed the lagoon entrances during daylight. Lord help those who are trying to hug the shore at night; we could see breakers up to .75 miles offshore!

After Puerto Madero, the rest of the way to Punta Elena, Costa Rica was divided between spinnaker, drifter and engine. We never were more than 35 miles offshore of the war-torn countries of Central America. On March 16 we celebrated our second wedding anniversary with pancakes, mimosas and showers!

Upon arrival at Playas del Coco, Maury Gladson swam out to meet us while we were being boarded by the Costa Rican *Maritima*. Unfortunately, we never saw the 82-year-old best friend of cruisers and motored off to find

Isla Grande. The folks on 'Dazzler' wished they'd spent more time there than Z-town.

a place to anchor. Later we spent many enjoyable hours with Maury, and got to see slides of his cruises on *Dubloon* out to Cocos Island in the 50's.

— carey johnston-crane 4/5/87

Cruise Notes:

They say you want a revolution? If so, Fiji was the place to be on May 11, as Lieutenant Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka and some of his troops mutined by walking into Parliament and seizing the Prime Minister Timoci Bavadra and his eleven-man cabinet. The Colonel Rabuka's beef is that after the recent election, ethnic Fijians had lost control of the government to Indians. According to the most recent figures, Indians account for 49 percent of the population and Fijians just 47 percent.

This is another one of those paying-the-piper deals for century old colonial activity. Under British rule, cotton and later sugar had become prosperous crops, but ones that required intense labor. By all accounts the Fijians — who were voracious cannibals until Christianized and later highly respected



LATITUDE/RICHARD

World War II combat troops — lacked the motivation to be good plantation workers. So the British began indenturing Indians to do the work; Indians who later gained the tenant farmer status they enjoy today.

Over the years enterprising Indians — including Muslims, Sikhs and Hindus — continued to pour into Fiji and procreate. By the end of World War II ethnic Fijians were a minority in their homeland. Also contributing to the racial tension is the fact that most Indians are Hindus who live in urban areas, while ethnic Fijians are mostly Methodist and live in the countryside. Furthermore, ethnic Fijians are predominantly pro-Western while most Indians favor non-aligned status and bans on nuclear-powered vessels.

The Alliance Party of ethnic Fijians had ruled Fiji since 1970 when it won independence from Britain until Bavarda and his ethnic Indian party were voted into office this year.

Ten days after the coup, there had been only minor violence and the Prime Minister and his cabinet had been released. The fate of Fiji seemed to lay in the hands of the Council of Chiefs, who have no constitutional authority, but have tremendous

influence with ethnic Fijians.

Located halfway between Samoa and New Caledonia, the 332 islands that make up Fiji offer some of the best cruising grounds in the South Pacific. The greatest concentration of yachties, however, is at the Tradewinds Hotel in Suva on the island of Viti Levu.

Since the trouble in Fiji has been primarily a civil one between the Indians and ethnic Fijians, there was little immediate concern for the safety of cruisers in the area. The airports, however, had been temporarily closed. We hope to get further reports from cruisers on the scene in Fiji.

After an America's Cup stay in Fremantle, Jim and Diana Jessie sailed **Nalu IV** across the Great Australian Bight on the bottom of that continent to Hobart, Tasmania. There's wind in that part of the world; while crossing the Bight they set a new speed record while in cruising mode: 16.4 knots carrying just the #2 jib-top!

Before continuing on to Sydney, the Jessies put in at Australia's famous island state, Tasmania. Specifically at the "modern, sophisticated, yet traditional" capital of Hobart, which we all know as the finish line of the Sydney to Hobart classic. "Tasmania is a jewel," they write, "we could have spent a year there."

Time considerations being what they are, the Jessies continued on to Sydney where they left their boat and grabbed the "silver sling-shot" to New Zealand, "land of the long white cloud". After covering both the North and South islands by motor vehicle, they returned to Sydney and are now headed up to Brisbane.

The passing of the berth near Perth. When the Jessies finally gave up their berth in Fremantle, it was taken by Jim Hill of Palo Alto and his Farr 55, **Spellbound**.

Norm and Lois Anderson on the Tartan 37 **Sisu** sent us a *Changes* to report that the 200-boat 'class of '86-'87' in New Zealand became nearly "hysterical" over boat pox. They write that foreign and American boats alike were suffering from osmosis, pox and or blisters. Among the American boats at Half Moon Bay Marina showing ill-effects were *Oriana*, Ed and Bernie's Acapulco 40 from Oregon; *Cassopea*, a Cheoy Lee 40 owned by Hugh and Dennis from Montana; *Silver Cloud*, a Lord Nelson 41 with Hugh

and Liz from California; *Freedom*, a Freedom 44 with Roger and Jody from Washington; *Companion*, a Carib 33 with Jeff and Mary from Washington; and, *I.O.*, a Westsail 32 with George and Jan from New Mexico.

New Zealand pox repair generally consist of grinding off the gelcoat and blisters, then drying the hull down to a 15 to 16 percent reading on the Sovereign Moisture Meter. Later the hull is faired, several coats of epoxy are rolled on, two coats of Altex-Devoe Devran (primer) are sprayed, and then several coats of anti-fouling paint applied.

With so many yachties having blister problems so far from home, it was common for them to band together and work on one boat at a time. The Anderson's saved their boat for the end, by which time they were experts in the process. The photograph earlier in *Changes* shows a morning work planning session, including Tom & Trudy King from *King's Ransom*; Jeff and Mary Holt of *Companion*; and Jim Piggford of *Little Bear*.

As many others have discovered, Half Moon Bay is a great place for a lengthy haulout in the South Pacific. To quote the Anderson's: "All facilities are new and well-maintained; the hard is asphalt and they have a big Travel-Lift with good cradles. It's well lit, there are security guards and no problems with theft. The bathrooms are clean and they've got the best hot water showers we've seen since Anacortes, Washington." All necessary supplies, from groceries to post offices are nearby. The haulout was \$73.20, the cradle \$12.20, and lay days \$3.35, all in Kiwi dollars, which convert to the United States dollar at 1.64 N.Z.

Wisely, the Andersons took a month to see New Zealand by car and loved it. Their impressions of the people: "Kiwi's are the friendliest people; they invite you in, show you around, and will give you more things than anybody we've known. We've been invited to tea (dinner) by new acquaintances, invited to stay with them, and to bring our wash to do in their washer."

On May 1 the Andersons were scheduled to depart for Tonga, Fiji, Vanuatu, New Caledonia, Australia, after which they'll decide on whether to continue by way of the Red Sea or Africa.

CLASSY CLASSIFIEDS

Deadline: 15th of the month prior to publication

- **Personal ads: 1-40 words: \$10 / 40-80 words: \$20 / 80-120 words: \$40**
(Personal property you are selling; help wanted)
- **Business ads: \$20 for 40 words maximum**
(Service(s) or business you are selling; charters; 1 boat per broker)
- **Ads taken through the mail only**
(Sorry, no ads accepted over the telephone)
- **Money must accompany ad. No Classified billing.**
(Check, cash, or Money Order; No credit cards.)
- **Latitude 34**
- **1625 W. Olympic Blvd., Suite M06, Los Angeles, CA 90015**
- **\$3.00 for postage & handling for individual issues requested. No tear sheets.**

Sorry, but due to a tight deadline,
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25-FT & UNDER

CRUISE IN BAJA. Anchored in Puerto Escondido. 1973 20-ft Newport. 4 sails, 2 anchors, Seagull o.b., VHF, safety equipment, plus much more. Sleeps 4+. All for \$4,200. Wr: E. Davitt, Postal #134, Loreto, Baja California Sur, 23880 Mexico.

INTERNATIONAL 14. Hand-built mahogany. Beautiful boat with tilt bed trailer. Avila Beach. \$600/OBO. (805) 595-7244 Tom.

26-FT—35-FT

THUNDERBIRD 26-FT SLOOP. Completely restored, fully equipped. All new: rudder, rigging, anchor, canvas, VHF, compass, knot-meter, paint, varnish, stove, Porta-potti & more. Free delivery within 100 sea miles from Dana Pt. A steal at only \$4,800. (714) 494-4610 or (714) 661-3926.

THUNDERBIRD 26-FT SLOOP. Hull and topsides refinished. Cockpit & interior need some work. New main & genoa, 7½ hp Honda, anchor gear & VHF. \$4,800. (805) 984-4118.

26-FT 1965 PEARSON ARIEL NO. 326. Atomic 4 inboard, 6 sails. Needs some work, let's talk. Jim Harmon, hm: (805) 659-2478 nights; wk: (805) 648-3321 days.

ISLANDER 30 MARK II. Volvo Penta diesel, autopilot, furling, full cockpit cover, Zodiac, Coachhouse cannister, custom struts, RDF, autopilot, depthsounder, refrigeration. Liveaboard or cruise ready. Bristol. Forced to sell. Make offer over \$27,900. (619) 435-3549.

FOR SALE: 1971 YANKEE 30. Excellent condition, rebuilt engine. Very fast & maneuverable. Extensive equipment list. Over 35K invested. Must sell RFN (moving). First 25K gets it. No brokers. LB slip. Call for more info. (213) 423-5599 eve. (213) 424-5561 Kevin.

35-FT SPENCER FIBERGLASS SLOOP. Sistership to Hal Roth's *Whisper*. Diesel, dodger, Plath windlass, autopilot, dinghy, new LP paint, Signet wind inst. Good sails. Solid, fast cruiser in excellent condition. Must sell. \$38,500. San Diego. (619) 584-3105 days; (619) 449-2049 eves.

CRUISING-LIVEABOARD? Downeast 32, 1976. Roomy, rugged, ready to leave now. Full electronics (radar, ap, etc. new in '86) 27 hp diesel new '85, h/c press. water, propane stove. Hauled & painted summer '86. Excellent condition! \$55,000 firm. (805) 772-3603.

36-FT—45-FT

PETERSON 44. Teak decks, custom main salon and aft cabin, extensive inventory. Day (213) 743-6833; eve. (213) 822-5549.

ISLAND TRADER 41 CEN. COCKPIT. 1978 Garden design. All fiberglass. Perkins 4-108, 2,500 hrs. Long-distance cruiser, ketch. Been there & back, ready to go again. Ham radio, radar, elec. windlass, self-steering vane & autopilot. Ref. & freezer Cold Plate 110v & eng. driven compressor system. 7 sails, 2 heads, 2 showers, 6-man Avon liferaft. New LP on hull late '86. All custom teak interior. Additional equipment list on request. Large spare parts inventory. Original owner. In immaculate condition. \$89,500. (805) 984-9346.

NZ 37. New Zealand built performance cruiser, 12,500-lb cold-molded kauri wood encased in epoxy saturated fiberglass. Custom 1969 37-ft sloop. Rod rigging, B&G gauges, tapered mast, vane, ap, Barlents, etc. Mexico & HI vet. \$44,500. (805) 642-2254.

DOWNEAST 38. Heavy, full keel cruising cutter. American built, 110 gal. water, low hour diesel, gorgeous custom interior. Brokers say she is the nicest on the coast. See this immaculate boat before you buy any other. \$69,000. (805) 527-7374.

ERICSON 41 SLOOP. Excellent condition. Less than 200 hours on maj. diesel & trans. New LP hull & deck. Mint sails, 8 bags. New prop & shaft & compass, dodger, etc. Jib furling, Avon 4-man liferaft. Extensive cruise record. Must sell. P.P. Ventura. \$59,000. (818) 348-4567.

C&C LANOFALL. Pilothouse cutter with inside steering. New electronics, watermaker & complete cruising inventory. Easily sailed by 2. Call for details. All offers considered. (415) 521-9371 eves.

1976 WESTSAIL 42 CUTTER RIG. Outstanding cruiser seriously for sale Asking \$107,000. Call (809) 776-7819. P.O. Box 459, St. John, USVI 00830.

MUST SELL. '82 Mull Custom 45' aluminum cutter. Diesel, Hood, rod rigging, Monitor vane, loran, autopilot, diesel heater. Will consider all offers or poss. financing. 129K. (707) 433-1736.

MOTORSAILER NOMAD. 44-ft diesel ketch, fully equipped for cruising. Good condition. Located La Paz. \$60,000. Call Mike (818) 888-1056 or write Marta Sutton, NOMAD, c/o Marina de La Paz, A.P. 290, La Paz, BCS, Mexico.

38-FT FARALLONE CLIPPER. 1940 sloop *Fade-Away* No. 3. Fir on oak. Bronze fastened, great cond. Hauled & surveyed 8/86. Only \$25,000. Will consider partial trade. Located in Ventura. Call anytime. (805) 648-3703 or 642-5221.

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One owner boat — looks like an '85! Dodger, good sails & ground tackle, VHF, ap. Owner ready to sail away in bigger vessel. Buyer's opportunity! Asking only \$34,000. LARRY DUDLEY YACHT SALES (805) 644-9665.

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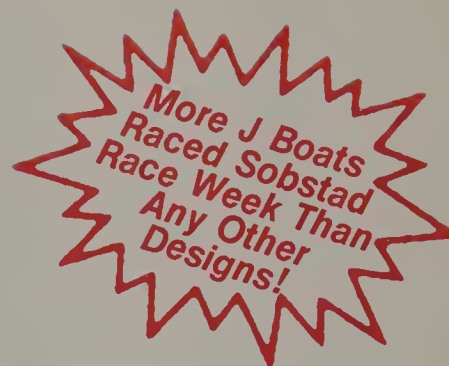
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